JOHN BULL, DECEMBER 28, 1929.
TWOPENCE

JOHN BULL

OVER A MILLION SALE

No. 1228.
Vol. XLVI.

A MESSAGE TO MEN

She'd Wear Her Fingers To The Bone for You— Take Her This Tonic.

Scrubbing, Cooking, Washing! Truly a woman's work is never done. Can you wonder that sometimes she needs a tonic? And how delighted she will be when you come home with a bottle of Wincarnis for her. It is the very tonic she needs. It will do her the world of good.

All the body-building properties of the finest beef extract, the richness of red wine, vitamin malt and a wonderful hypophosphite nerve tonic. These are the ingredients of Wincarnis—the very things to do a woman good. And how happy you will be to see her looking so well—with such rosy cheeks, with such shining eyes. Take her home a bottle of Wincarnis to-night.

WINCARNIS

THE WINE OF LIFE

FOR THE WOMAN WHO THINKS OF YOU

Obtainable from all Wine Merchants, Licensed Chemists and Licensed Grocers. *Prices 5/6 and 3/3.*

W.D. 101/29.

JOHN BULL'S GREAT *a Gift*

JOHN BULL's Great Free Family Insurance Gift will continue on its triumphant way during 1930. All the Benefits, acclaimed the most beneficial and comprehensive ever offered, remain in force. If taken out through an insurance company they would cost you 25/- per annum.

CONTINUES ITS TRIUMPHANT

FIRE.

£400—against loss by fire to the reader's household furniture or personal effects.

£1,000—in case of death of husband and wife directly due to injuries caused by an outbreak of fire at the Registered Reader's home.

£500—in case of death of one under similar circumstances.

£250—or £125 in respect of each for loss of one limb or eye under similar circumstances.

£2 per week maximum rent during reinstatement (not exceeding 26 weeks).

ACCIDENTS IN HOME AND GARDEN.

£200—should the registered reader and his wife (permanently residing together) be killed by an accident at the reader's registered address and/or garden attached thereto; or

£100—in the case of the death of either under similar circumstances.

£4 per week for both or £2 per week for either up to 4 weeks during total disablement involving a fracture of a limb or skull as the direct result of an injury under similar circumstances.

HOUSEHOLD BENEFITS.

£300—loss caused by **Storm, Tempest,** or **Flood** to the Registered Reader's household furniture or personal effects.

£300—loss caused by **Lightning** or **Thunderbolt** to the Registered Reader's household furniture or personal effects.

£100—loss caused by **explosion of Gas** or **Domestic Boilers** to the Registered Reader's household furniture or personal effects.

£100—loss caused by **bursting of Hot-water Pipes,** or **Heating Apparatus,** to the Registered Reader's household furniture or personal effects.

£300—loss caused by **Aeroplanes, Airships,** or **Other Aerial Craft** to the Registered Reader's household furniture or personal effects.

£1,000—in case of death of husband and wife (permanently residing together), by violence caused by burglars or housebreakers, entering the home for the purpose of robbery.

£500—if one is killed under similar circumstances.

£500—or £250 in respect of each, for loss of one limb or eye under similar circumstances.

£10—Medical Fees for injuries by violence caused by burglars, housebreakers or an outbreak of fire.

£6 per week for both or £3 per week for either up to 4 weeks for disablement caused by burglars, housebreakers, or an outbreak of fire.

CHILDREN'S ACCIDENTS.

£3—will be paid to the parent being a Registered Reader in the event of an accident to his or her child over six and under sixteen years of age, causing a broken arm above the wrist (humerus, radius or ulna), broken leg above the ankle (femur, tibia or fibula), or fractured skull (cranium) as under:—

In accident to train, tram, 'bus, taxi, or other public vehicle, or whilst a pedestrian in the street struck by a moving vehicle, while taking part in any sport or game whilst at home or at school.

WHAT JOHN BULL GIVES

The Registered Reader of JOHN BULL, *or in the event of death, the Registered Reader's husband or wife or dependent children or parents, if any:—*

SICKNESS BENEFITS.

£10 10s.—in the case of husband and wife, or

£5 5s.—in respect of either for total disablement arising directly from Diphtheria, Measles (morbilli), Smallpox (Variola), Typhoid Fever, Typhus Fever, Cerebro-Spinal Fever (or "Spotted Fever"), Anthrax and Tetanus (Lockjaw).

These benefits are only applicable to readers between the ages of 16 and 65, who have been registered for twenty-one days prior to the illness manifesting itself.

SPORTS.

£500—in case of death of husband and wife, or

£250—in respect of either if killed accidentally while playing Football, Tennis, Cricket, Hockey, Golf, Lacrosse, as an amateur on an authorised playing ground.

£3 per week up to 4 weeks for total disablement providing it involves fracture of a limb or skull under similar circumstances.

BOATING AND BATHING.

£500—in case of husband and wife, or

£250—in respect of either if accidentally drowned while as a pastime boating on, or bathing in, the sea at any seaside resort, or in any river or public swimming bath, providing that the reader be not a professional swimmer or boatman, and that in case of boating the boat be not a passenger steamer or Motor Boat plying for hire.

WIRELESS BENEFIT.

£10—for damage by lightning to Registered Reader's Wireless Apparatus, including Aerials and Supports, licensed to and owned by him, at his or her private address, as registered.

JOHN BULL

Hand this Coupon to your Newsagent.

To (name of Newsagent) .....

Address .....

.....

Please deliver or reserve JOHN BULL for me weekly until further notice.

Signature .....

Address .....

Date .....

PLEASE WRITE CLEARLY.

J.B., 28/12/29.

FREE INSURANCE GIFT

worth 25/-

Present registered readers are fully qualified for the 1930 benefits. They should not re-register unless they have changed their address or their newsagent. If you are not already a registered reader, fill in the Registration Forms below now.

PROGRESS FOR 1930

Conditions. (a) This scheme applies only to persons over ten and under seventy years of age residing in and personal effects situated in Great Britain, Ireland, the Channel Islands or the Isle of Man, but excepting Ireland so far as benefits under the Riot Clause. Provided that any registered reader over 70 years of age shall be entitled to all the benefits of this gift except those in respect of death, disablement or sickness.

(b) A "Registered Reader" shall mean any person registered with JOHN BULL as having personally signed and forwarded to JOHN BULL Registration Department the prescribed registration form, and given a signed order to a Newsagent for the regular and uninterrupted weekly delivery of JOHN BULL, which has been continuously received and paid for.

(c) Applications for benefit in respect of any one accident or event, which must be confined to one of the benefits, must be forwarded in writing to the Insurance Manager, JOHN BULL, 93, Long Acre, W.C., as to accident benefits within seven days, fire and household benefits within forty-eight hours, and sickness benefits within fourteen days of the illness manifesting itself—Medical Certificates and /or other evidence in support of the application must be furnished by the Registered Reader at his own expense. Any misrepresentation or wilful misstatement of facts shall disqualify any application.

(d) As to the injury benefits, this scheme applies only to bodily injury directly and immediately caused by violent external or visible means which is the sole cause of death, loss or disablement as defined, and no sum will be given in respect of any injury, fatal or otherwise, happening while the Reader is in a fit, or arising from or traceable to intentional self-injury, drugs, suicide, insanity, or intemperance, or if suffering from any physical or mental disability likely to increase the risk of accident, or whilst in an unconscious state. A fractured limb shall mean a fracture of the arm or leg above the wrist or ankle.

(e) Loss of a limb means the loss by physical separation of an arm or leg above the wrist or ankle.

(f) Death or loss of limb or sight must result within fourteen days after the accident and as a direct and sole result of the injury. In the event of death, benefits will be paid to the husband or wife of the Registered Reader, or dependent children (if any).

(g) No benefits will be given in respect of fire unless the fire is one which is reported on by a Fire Brigade or Police Officer, and compensation for material damage will be made subject to any rights which the applicant may have or acquire under any Insurance Scheme, Company or otherwise, and the Proprietors of JOHN BULL shall give no benefit until the Registered Reader has exhausted his or her remedies under any such insurance. Money in cash or otherwise excluded.

(h) To become recipient of rent benefit the Registered Reader must either be responsible for and furnish proof of amount of rent or be beneficial owner, and furnish proof of net rateable assessment which shall be deemed as rent.

(i) Disablement applies where the reader is totally unable to follow his or her usual employment.

(j) The fire and household benefits apply to the Registered Reader's household furniture or personal effects in his or her private dwelling-house being of permanent construction, apartments, or dwelling-rooms attached to business premises of the Registered Reader at the address registered, but not to business premises or stock-in-trade.

(k) Benefit shall not be payable under this scheme for any accident arising out of, or in the course of, the Registered Reader's employment.

(l) In case of change of address and /or change of Newsagent, a fresh coupon must be forwarded for registration, for which an acknowledgment must be received, otherwise no Benefits will be allowed; and the Proprietors may at any time discontinue or make any amendment to this offer by the publication of a notice in JOHN BULL, also they reserve the right to refuse or cancel any registration at any time.

(m) In order to comply with the requirements of the law, the Proprietors of JOHN BULL have to announce that while this Free Insurance Scheme does not involve any contractural liability, it has the financial backing and support of Odhams Press Limited (the proprietors of JOHN BULL), whose issued share capital is over £1,000,000.

(n) The husband or wife of a Registered Reader permanently residing with him or her shall be deemed to be a Registered Reader for the purpose of those benefits which are applicable.

Post this Coupon to

"John Bull," Registration Department, Long Acre, London, W.C.2

I have sent an Order Form to my newsagent for the regular weekly delivery of JOHN BULL. Please register me as a regular reader.

.....
Reader's Signature.

Age.....

Address.....

.....

.....

Name and Address of Newsagent .....

.....

..... Date .....

Use ½d. stamp. Don't seal envelope. A certificate setting out the full benefits and conditions and certifying registration will be sent if ½d. stamped addressed envelope is enclosed for return.

PLEASE WRITE CLEARLY. J.B., 28/12/29.

THE FAMILY COVERED.

Remember that Husband, Wife and Children (between the ages of six and sixteen) are all covered under one registration.

Present Registered Readers are fully qualified for the 1930 Benefits. They should not re-register unless they have changed their address or their newsagent.

No Premium to Pay.

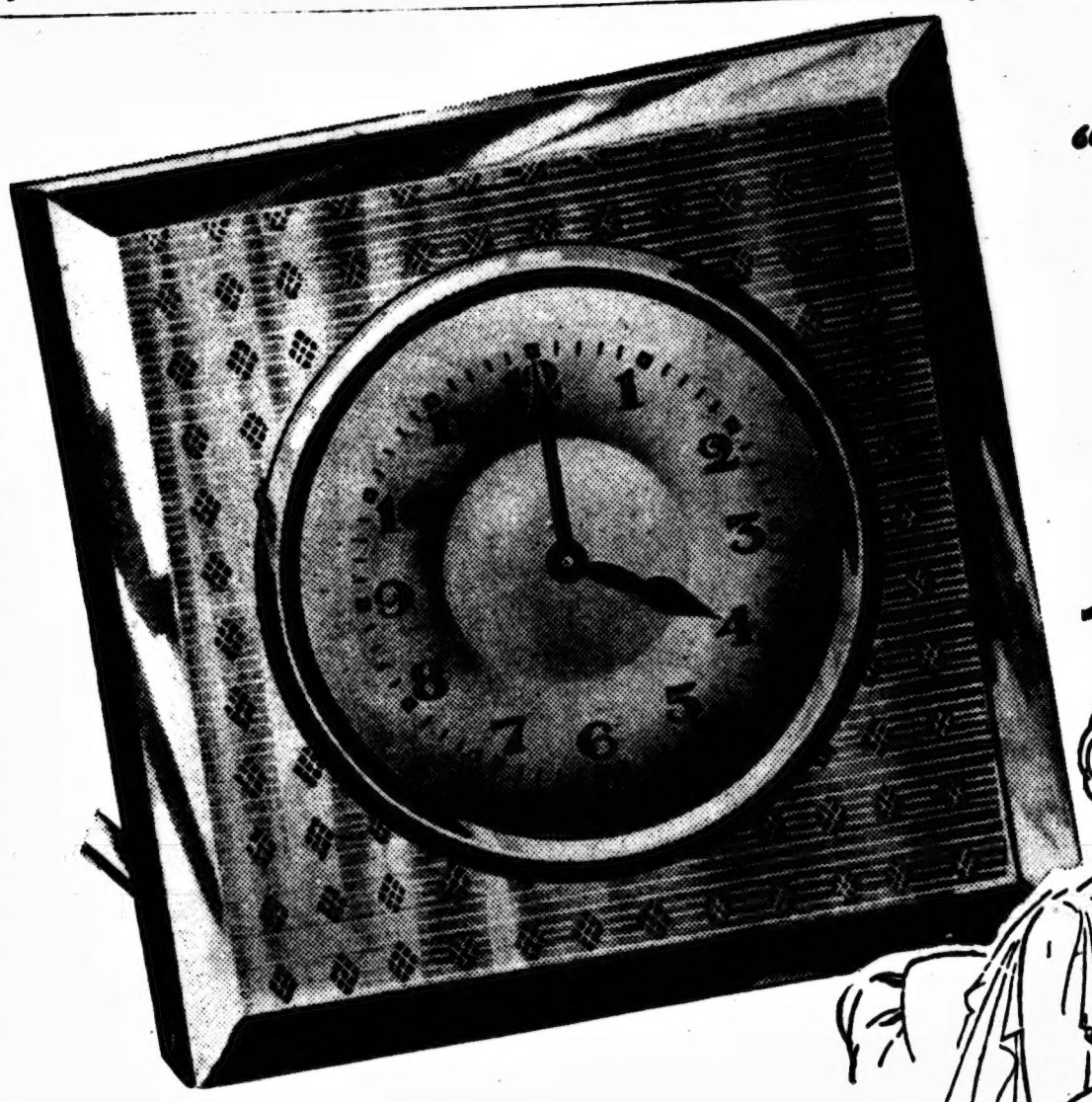
"Thanks for cheque received. Had I been insured with a Company and paying a big premium I could not have been better treated."—J. B. Dodimead, 25A, Chelsea Park Dwellings, King's Rd., Chelsea, S.W.

No Fuss or Bother.

"I wish to thank 'John Bull' for the Sickness Benefit of £5 5s. 0d. There has been no quibble, fuss or bother about my claim—only just what we expected of you. Straight as a die.'!—A. Humphries, 1/30, Wainwright St., Aston Birmingham.

"You Never Can Tell."

"Please accept sincere thanks for cheque which has helped us in replacing articles burnt in the fire It is our first disaster in 11 years of married life, and we little thought that registering with 'John Bull' would ever be of money value to us."—W. M. Garnett, South Garth, Boothstown, Manchester.



"VICEROY" GOLD BOUDOIR CLOCK

Free for 200 COUPONS

"VICEROY" GOLD is a new British metal that looks and wears like gold, and it is Exclusive to "BLACK CAT" Smokers.

5 FREE COUPONS

(Dept. 8), Gift Dept , CARRERAS LTD.,
Arcadia Works, Hampstead Road, London, N.W. 1.
Please send me Free Booklet and Five Free Coupons.

Name .....

Address .....

.....

Only one of these signed Coupons accepted.

"What a Lovely Present-

"Jack is a dear, just look at this lovely Clock he's sent me; it's just what I wanted to go with the other 'Viceroy' Gold Gifts he's given me. I'll soon have a complete boudoir set in 'Viceroy' Gold. They are all so beautifully made and finished that I'm simply crazy about them; and then they wear so well; in fact, they improve with use because they are solid right through. I am so glad that Jack likes 'Black Cats'—he says that they can't be beaten for quality and I know that the gifts are absolutely perfect."

Black Cat

VIRGINIA CIGARETTES

10 for 6D 20 for 1/-

BLACK CAT MIXTURE TOBACCO 1/- PER OZ.
Two Coupons in Every Packet.

JOHN BULL,
93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.
Telephone: Temple Bar 2468.
Telegrams: Heroically, London.

JOHN BULL

For the People— *—the Right to Justice and Truth*

THURSDAY,
for Week ending Saturday, Dec. 28, 1929. Twopence.
Registered at the G.P.O. as a Newspaper. Postage: Inland and Canada, ½d.; all other parts of the world, 1½d.

If you see it in "John Bull," it is so

SUGGESTIONS that are being made in certain quarters that Mr. Snowden proposes to raise the income-tax in his April Budget need not frighten anyone. Nothing is further from his thoughts.

The order of priority that he has mapped out in regard to the new taxation he may have to impose is: First, taxation of land-values; second, increased death duties; and, third, increased super-tax.

For the coming Budget, at any rate, it is expected in Government circles that the land-values tax will yield all the revenue that is needed.

Worried Tories

Edinburgh Tories are worried because they think "Conservative" is not an attractive Party label. A good name, they think, is half the battle at a General Election.

So it is; but not in the sense they mean. The Conservatives lost the last election because they had failed to govern Britain on humane and intelligent lines

A political Party cannot pick a good name out of the dictionary. It must be earned by honest work.

Vacancies on the Bench

There are likely to be one or two judicial vacancies in the New Year.

The Prime Minister must not repeat the mistakes of the past, when barristers far more eminent in politics than in law have been promoted over the heads of experienced judges to seats on the High Court Bench.

The Bench ought to be filled irrespective of Party. The possession of marked judicial abilities should be the only test.

Red Cross Flying Squad

The killed and injured in road accidents are a great strain on the hospitals and medical men who live near main arterial roads.

In the majority of cases the doctors receive no remuneration, and the accidents seriously impede their regular work.

The large motoring organisations should start a fund to have "Flying Squad" doctors and to contribute to the voluntary hospitals.

Hard-Labour Ministers

Members of the Government will have a strenuous time next month.

* * *

The opening of the Five Power Naval Conference in London will coincide with the reassembling of Parliament and the meeting of the Council of the League of Nations at Geneva, and the second Hague Conference may be convened towards the end of the month.

Mr. Henderson will go to Geneva for a few days, and then hurry back to London for the Naval Conference.

* * *

Dr. Dalton, the Under-Secretary for Foreign Affairs, will carry on the work at Geneva, and Mr. William Graham will be there later for the Tariff Truce Conference that is to succeed the League Council meeting.

Mr. Snowden may also be out of the country for some days at The Hague.

Meanwhile the Government will have to maintain a strong representation in the House of Commons to fight the Coal Mines Bill through its committee stage.

Labour Ministers will earn their salaries next month.

One-Two-Three, in New Taxes

New Judges—Non-Political?

Speedway Farce

From the quarter-deck

Following the definite decision of Admiral Dewar—of *Royal Oak* fame—to join the Labour Party as a full member and potential Labour M.P., a number of other Admirals have intimated their willingness to give general support to the Party in an unobtrusive way, without definitely committing themselves to full acceptance of its official policy.

Admiral Dewar leads the procession

In these circumstances the Admirals do not wish their names to be made known; but they have intimated that they are prepared to go nine-tenths of the way with the Labour Government.

Less muddle

The Government has taken an important first step towards co-ordinating the three defence Services.

There has now been constituted a Fighting Service Sub-Committee of the Cabinet. The Prime Minister presides, and its membership includes the heads of the three Services, the Chancellor of the Exchequer and the Foreign Secretary.

This step has been taken mainly to secure co-ordination in the interests of economy, but it means smoother working in the wider problems of Imperial defence.

Track processions

Last year speedway-racing on several tracks became so much of a farce that the sport was in danger of losing public support.

Too many riders were content to earn "appearance money" without making any attempt to win, and what should have been sporting contests degenerated into mere processions round the track with a lot of noise thrown in.

It has now been decided to form a National Speedways Association, and it is hoped that the new body will see that the public gets clean and genuine fare in return for its money.

Real slumming

The Minister of Health has nearly completed his plans for launching a big scheme of slum-clearance early in the New Year.

The Bill which Mr. Greenwood is preparing will probably be introduced to the House of Commons towards the end of January. It will cost much money and there will be protests.

But remember this was about the only thing at the election which Mr. Baldwin did promise.

Great dope mystery

The revelations which appeared exclusively in John Bull of the wholesale manufacture of dope in Basle by big firms have had an interesting sequel.

A raid on a factory in Basle was followed by another on a factory in Zurich. This second was to some extent subsidiary to the one in Basle from which it received cocaine.

But the Swiss and Italian police have not solved the problem by the raiding of these two factories.

Basle is still intensely engaged in manufacturing synthetic dope, large quantities of which find their way to England

Before the courts

In a case which came before Sir Henry Dickens, the Common Serjeant, at the Old Bailey, John Bull was frequently mentioned.

The Common Serjeant argued

There were some brisk duels, in fact, between the judge and two men figuring in the case before him as to whether a certain exposure was admissible as evidence.

Legally speaking, an article produced in the course of a hearing of this kind is not evidence, but it is surprising how often John Bull is produced in the courts, although this fact is seldom referred to when the cases are reported in the Press

A royal book

We hear that one of our Princes is writing a book. Well, why not?

It will, of course, be published anonymously, like Queen Victoria's "Leaves" from her Scottish notebook.

Hard a-starboard

The Government proposals for the alteration of orders to helmsmen are being viewed with grave apprehension by the great majority of merchant seamen, officers and men.

The average man at the wheel on a merchant vessel has been trained to interpret his steering orders in one way only. What may seem confusion to a black-coated Whitehall official is clear enough to him.

Some of the possible consequences of this dabbling with a traditional practice is reflected in a recent shipping report.

Here it was stated that a vessel ran head-on into a breakwater outside Copenhagen owing to the new orders being misinterpreted by the helmsman.

Miles ahead

Last week we told how the Chinese Chief of Police had followed the example of other foreign police chiefs and had visited London to study police methods at first-hand.

Now comes the news that Mr. Grover Whalen, New York's Police Commissioner, has succeeded in breaking down the "crime wave" there by repatterning his police force to embrace many of the methods employed by Scotland Yard.

The "Yard" leads the world by miles.

A fond farewell

Another big alien "clearance" will shortly be made in London.

Scotland Yard detectives have just concluded certain investigations, and as a result a number of undesirable foreigners will have their permits revoked by the Home Office and be given orders to leave the country within a stipulated space of time.

This is stimulating information, particularly as the past months have seen a recrudescence of the activities of that section of the underworld which is foreign in both senses.

Glad news

Sir Walter Mo.ley Fletcher, M.D., secretary of the Medical Research Council, has a word of hope for people who dread the surgeon's knife. "Every step forward in medical science is a step towards the abolition of surgery," he says.

Cancer at once occurs to the mind. The answer comes pat from the doctors. On a five years' average of cases treated with radium at St. Mary's Hospital, London, as many as 60 per cent. have been cured without operation.

One warning, though. Go for treatment at the first sign of trouble.

A nice packet

For the first time in the history of Woolwich Arsenal, the workers were this year paid for Boxing Day. In the past they have had a day's holiday without pay, which has not helped the seasonal festivities.

This human touch in the treatment of Government employees is welcome.

The autocrats at the Arsenal have recognised that it is no longer possible to confine holiday privileges to the salaried classes.

Breaking down

The law enforcing vaccination is breaking down. Parents, alarmed by deaths or serious complications following inoculation, are claiming exemption for their children in increasing numbers.

In the last year for which figures are available over 40 per cent. of the children born were not vaccinated, their parents having conscientious objections.

We hear that the Minister proposes to enquire into the utility of compulsory vaccination.

The year's brain-waves

Although the year 1928 showed the figures in patents applied for at the Patent Office in any one year—namely, 38,593—was a record, we learn that the total for 1929 is in the neighbourhood of about 40,000.

This extraordinary activity, though much of it may be abortive, clearly points to the onward trend of progress and enterprise.

There do not appear to have been any startling or outstanding new inventions, but many improvements and developments have been brought forward which will benefit all classes.

They would like it

When the Unemployment Insurance Bill goes to the House of Lords the Lords will endeavour to secure the deletion of several of the Government's proposals.

When the suggested amendments come back to the House of Commons, however, the Government will refuse to accept them.

There is nothing that the Government would like better than to be able to appeal to the country on the ground that the hereditary House was trying to impede legislation passed by the elected House for the benefit of the working-classes.

The Bill will therefore pass into law substantially in its present form.

Well done!

Rude people who bustle and scramble out of a concert-hall—or a theatre, for that matter—have very deservedly been taught a lesson in manners by Sir Hamilton Harty, whose stand against this sort of thing we admire.

He snubbed the shufflers

A Hallé concert was being held in the Free Trade Hall, Manchester, when Sir Hamilton stopped the playing of the last part of Mendelssohn's "Elijah" owing to the disturbance made by people leaving the hall.

He refused to recommence the oratorio until the shufflers, gazed at by every sitting member of an annoyed audience, beat a hasty retreat.

Fair dealings

The members of the Patternmakers' Trade Union are showing a spirit of real brotherhood.

Some of them have been required to work overtime lately, while others have been without work at all.

They have now decided to represent to employers that they do not wish to work overtime until all their unemployed brothers have been absorbed.

In some cases, the decision will mean that members will sacrifice several shillings a week.

Dirty ships

The latest report of the Manchester Port Sanitary Authority reiterates its findings in previous years. Thirty-six per cent. of British ships were found insanitary, and less than 24 per cent. of foreign ships.

While the Board of Trade remains apathetic, and shipowners offer excuses, our sailors are neglected.

Heavy penalties should be inflicted on the shipowners concerned.

"K.O." and "shemoy"

Lord Darling's Bidding Agreements Act, which was specially aimed at stopping the "knock-out" in the antique trade "ring" is a dead letter.

The antique trade laughs at it, and goes on holding its private auctions in the nearest public-house—or in the nearest quiet corner of an open field, if the sale is in the country—after all the agreed nominees have bought the lots they want, by arrangement.

The dealers, however, will gladly assist any legislation to kill the "shemoy," as they call the rigged sale.

* * *

The antique trade regards the auctioneer who lends himself to this sort of thing with the deepest contempt. The few dealers who also lend themselves to the working of the "shemoy" are pariahs in a none-too-particular calling.

Tricky enough in their business methods at times, antique-dealers nevertheless maintain a strict code of a kind. Without a great element of mutual trust, the "K.O." would be quite unworkable.

"If You See It—" *continued*

No mother

Sarah Davis, of Wilford Road, Croydon, was sentenced to one month's imprisonment for neglecting her two children, aged two years and six months respectively.

Inspector George Brown, R.S.P.C.C., stated that the children were emaciated, never really clean, and on one occasion a neighbour found them alone in a room filled with smoke and an overturned paraffin-lamp near the baby.

Such a sentence is futile to a woman capable of such wicked neglect, especially after she had been advised to take her babies to the infant welfare centre.

First again!

Within a few hours of the appearance of our exclusive paragraph last week relating to ex-Sergeant Ben Leeson, of Sidney Street fame, at least three newspapers were "hot on the story."

Fleet Street is not alone in watching JOHN BULL for pointers. Our columns are carefully scanned at Scotland Yard each week

Invented

Once again our "Letter Parliament" shows its usefulness. In our issue of December 7, "Farrier," Kirkcaldy, asked for an invention to sling heavy horses while farriers are shoeing them.

And now another reader, Councillor S. Relf, of Chichester, tells us that such an invention has been in use for many years in Canada.

Mr. Relf resided in that Dominion for fifteen years prior to 1906, and even then most of the town and village forges were fitted with a machine for raising horses with all four feet off the ground. This prevented horses kicking while being shod.

No brass bands

When Captain Fried, of the s.s. *President Roosevelt*, and his gallant sailors rescued the crew of the *Antinoe* the world was thrilled and New York gave a municipal banquet.

There were no bands playing when the s.s. *Manchester Regiment* entered the Mersey a few days ago after performing an equally gallant task in rescuing forty-five of the crew of the s.s. *Voluminia*, which also sank during a heavy gale.

A lifeboat in charge of Second Officer W. H. Downing, assisted by Third Officer E. Epsley, put out from the *Regiment*, and returned with twenty-five men who were hauled on board with lifelines

Mr. Downing lost the top of a finger, but that did not deter him from "carrying on." A second trip was made and another twenty souls were rescued.

What it means

This week the new Pensions Act comes into force. Well over half a million people are affected by it, and few—if any—of those supposed to benefit can make head or tail of it.

Write to our Pensions Expert about it. His help and advice are freely at the disposal of our readers.

By enclosing a stamped, addressed envelope, they will receive authoritative information on how the Act applies to them

Seconds out

Joseph Mason, aged thirty, of Fairclough's Avenue, Warrington, was left in charge of the two-and-a-half-year-old child of a sister-in-law while she and relatives attended a place of amusement.

The child cried and annoyed Mason. He had novel methods of restoring quiet—a good punch or two in the face. The mother returned home to find the baby's face bruised and sore.

Mason's excuse that he lost his temper was apparently good enough for the magistrates, for, apart from the chairman calling Mason's attack "cowardly and brutal," the man was merely fined 40s.

Caned twice

Certain M.P.s are trying to persuade the Treasury to abolish a rule which has caused hardship to a number of ex-Service men.

The cases are those where the men have been sentenced to imprisonment in a civil court, and have been deprived of their pensions in consequence.

The pension is really deferred pay earned by good service, and forfeiture in addition to the imprisonment makes two punishments for one offence.

Alpheus again

Our old friend Alpheus Bancroft, of Washington, D.C., is at it again—offering profitable positions to all and sundry reliable persons in various parts of the United Kingdom.

All we have to say to our readers is that if they reply to Alpheus they will go down on his books as "suckers."

Killjoys

As usual at this season, the licensed victuallers in Otley, Skipton, Keighley Borough, Bingley, and Bradford applied in the various courts for an hour's extension on Christmas Eve, and they all got it.

But the Keighley West Riding magistrates followed *their* usual practice, and refused extensions.

Only once—in 1926—did the killjoys yield—and then on condition that there was no abuse. There *was* no abuse.

What has Keighley West Riding done to deserve killjoy magistrates?

Noah's Arks

Business people are asking why their goods are transported in lumbering old barges manipulated by one man with a huge oar. They are a menace to navigation. Shipmasters and pilots have complained without result.

Barge people complain that the handy little, white-painted Dutch motor-barges that transport three times the amount of cargo to the Thames are a menace to their employment.

These motor-barges land stone, bricks, building material, etc., at 10s. per ton cheaper than it can be delivered here.

Why cannot Britain be as enterprising as our Continental neighbours?

IMPORTANT NOTICE
to Registered Readers

"Extra benefits; increased security"—this is our Insurance slogan for 1930. On pages 2, 3 and 34 you will find full details of our Great Free Insurance Gift for the coming year

"Can't be done" talk

At a sitting of the Gas Poisoning Committee of the Board of Trade, Sir Alfred Butt, M.P., gave evidence; he was of the opinion that local authorities should make a by-law to minimise the dangers of poisoning by carbon monoxide.

Sir Alfred Butt wants to stop gas-poisoning

Mr. Thomas Hardie, chief engineer of the Gas, Light and Coke Company, said that no research work was being carried on in order to make gas non-poisonous, and *that there was no necessity to do so.*

Why should we try, then, to find remedies for cancer and tuberculosis?

Grave charges

Mr. Prothero, of Glenneath, has made an accusation against the Neath Rural Council.

He alleges that in the matter of arrears of street-improvement apportionment preferential treatment was given to members of the council.

He declares that while men earning £2 5s. a week and owing about £12 were being prosecuted, councillors owing from £500 to £600 were left alone.

He said, further that the house of a councillor, which was one of a row, was assessed at £1 less than the others.

A peace hero

Michael Rigby, motor-'bus driver, Manor Street, Accrington, is the ninth person in twenty-five years to win that rare distinction, the Victoria Cross of the road, from the Commercial Motor Users' Association.

A motor-coach filled with holiday-makers got out of control. In the darkness he somehow managed to steer the vehicle across a narrow bridge with a drop of 50 ft. into the river below on either side.

With brakes gone, he brought the 'bus to a standstill by forcing the wheels against the pavement edge, and the passengers escaped with nothing worse than shock.

A splendid and heroic performance.

Old soldiers' grouse

The War Office seems to be determined that, no matter what Government is in power, justice will not be done to the pre-war Army pensioners.

Mr. Snowden has now followed the example of the Tories and refused to reconsider their grievance.

Many men who left the old Army with a non-commissioned officer's pension of a few shillings a week returned to the colours in 1914, rose to high commissioned rank, and then retired again without the addition of a penny to their old pension.

Old soldiers who came back to train the new armies are struggling along with the help of their pre-war pittance.

Inspector scholars

Women factory inspectors are to go to school.

Evening classes, beginning on January 7, are being arranged at the Borough Polytechnic, London, where these important functionaries may learn a few elementary facts about engineering, in company with women laundry-managers, secretaries to engineering firms and others.

But why should it have been left to the Women's Engineering Society, an organisation which has been in existence only a few years, to suggest what should have been an essential Home Office regulation from the moment the first female factory inspector was appointed?

THE Big Secret of 1929

by The Rt. Hon. David LLOYD GEORGE, O.M.

BY the time this article appears, 1929 will be in its death-throes. When the story of the year comes to be told, how will it stand amongst its fellows?

This may with confidence be foretold: that when the history of the first decade of the post-war period comes to be written, the events of 1929 will demand an important chapter. But how important in comparison with its immediate predecessors?

The decision to evacuate the Rhineland and the adhesion of the United States of America to the International Court will alone give this year a prominent place on the Great Record.

But there are other events which might well inaugurate departures which will eventually influence the course of mankind.

For instance, one would like to foresee what will become of M. Briand's project of a European Union?

It is an old French ideal. Napoleon in his demoniac effort to establish a European fraternity of nations overran Europe and killed millions of Europeans.

M. Briand has revived the proposal; but being essentially a persuader, he seeks to prosecute it by more pacific means than those adopted by his terrible predecessors.

Great things—?

WILL the golden tongue succeed where the raucous cannon failed?

If this scheme materialises, great things will ensue as a consequence:

The establishment of peace in the most turbulent of all Continents;

The abolition of Customs barriers in an area populated by hundreds of millions of men and women belonging to some of the most energetic, intelligent and resourceful races in the world;

A general raising of the economic level of the workers throughout a vast area.

There might be other consequences of a less beneficent and more sinister character which one does not care to forecast.

The European is the most combative animal in the world. He must needs be always fighting something or somebody.

But nothing will come of M. Briand's proposal—just yet. The greed rather than the need of tariffs will alone keep the nations apart. The fear of American influence will perhaps give a momentum to the discussion.

Europe is becoming apprehensive of the stranglehold of American finance. It cannot do without it. But that makes Europe dread it all the more. They see their continent in pawn to America without a hope of redemption.

Love thy neighbour as thyself is a hard doctrine for an average Christian to digest. But love thy creditor as thyself is completely beyond his assimilative powers.

The famous French orator possesses a fertile imagination, and these pictures spring luxuriantly from his rhetorical soul. But he gets easily tired—not only physically, but ethically. Energetic perseverance in his tasks has never been his strong point.

If he flags in his purpose to establish a Pan-European union, this ambitious plan will come to nought and will be buried amongst the myriad schemes for settling the world which have during the past ten years been suggested and discussed by busy minds.

In that case the Briand project will add nothing to the fame of 1929.

Again, what about the reconciliation of the Holy See with the Italian Monarchy, which is one of the triumphs — major or minor—of 1929?

Truly a striking episode which must find its niche not only in Italian history, but in any revised and enlarged edition of the Lives of the Popes.

The spectacle of Quirinal and Vatican scowling at each other across the Tiber over a temporal princedom which no Pope would now restore even if he could was so ridiculous that it had ceased long ago even to provoke comment.

The removal of this unsightly feud from the capital of Italy is a tribute to the common-sense and courage of both Pope and Duce.

It serves to prove once more that whatever one may think of Signor Mussolini's method of restraining his political opponents, he has gifts of statesmanship of a high order.

The death of Herr Stresemann is one of the tragedies of the year. Will his removal from the direction of the foreign affairs of Germany have any ultimate effect upon the policy of that great country?

He was essentially a reconciler. There were people in his own country who exhibited pronounced distrust and detestation of his line of action. Will these extremists gradually obtain any real sway over German opinion?

The venerable President of the German Republic may for some time exercise a restraining authority; but he is advanced in years, and can hardly remain in office much longer.

Who is there to resist the forces that are operating to destroy the policy of pacification? The best hope of the future lies in the common-sense of the German people themselves.

Their minds and energies are concentrated on the economic restoration of their country, and they may refuse to be diverted from that task by the lurid appeals of ultra-patriotic agitators.

Giant awakening

CHINA—what is happening there? We are too apt to overlook the possibilities of that mysterious and gigantic country. It has a population of 400,000,000 of intelligent, industrious and fearless human beings.

They are learning the arts of war by fighting each other. The devastation of years of civil war is driving them to despair.

Early this year the conflicting elements appeared to have reached an accommodation on the basis of a federal Republic. Peace and unity seemed to have been restored. Then came another outbreak of hostilities. New forces and new leaders have challenged the Nationalist Combination.

Who are the new leaders? 1929 cannot answer the question. But they must be formidable. We must wait until we know more about them. There may be amongst them a man who will alter the whole history of the East. If there should be, 1929 will have left its mark deep on the world.

Famous father and daughter on the same bench—just as in Parliament

In Russia there has been no vital change. Bolshevism has not collapsed. It seems to be as firmly established as ever.

The Bolshevik dictator is making an heroic effort to reorganise the agriculture and industries of Russia. With the limited resources at his command he is purchasing abroad the most modern machinery.

If he succeeds, then Russia will become a most important factor in the trade, commerce and finance of the world.

This year Stalin has pressed on his great scheme with all the relentless energy of his predecessor Peter the Great.

Those great armies

BUT the real eminence of 1929 as a year can only be determined when one knows what significance attaches to some of the passages in President Hoover's recent speeches.

As to Naval disarmament, it can be taken for granted that he will do all in his power to effect a reduction. That in itself will ensure the success of the Five Power Conference.

But that in itself will not carry world disarmament very far on its way. In 1921 Mr. Secretary Hughes and Lord Balfour between them achieved the first real success ever attained in any conference on international disarmament. Most of them end in unctuous but futile declarations.

The Washington Conference cut down navies by 1,800,000 tons in the aggregate. The Five Power Conference, engineered by President Hoover and Premier MacDonald, cannot expect to reach anything like these remarkable figures. At best this conference will be a continuation of the Hughes-Balfour triumph.

But President Hoover's observations on military disarmament are in a different category. When he called attention to the increase of 10,000,000 men in world armies, did he intend to initiate a new policy, or was it simply so much padding in a speech on the advantages of peace?

On the answer to that question depends the place of 1929 in history.

If he means to abandon ex-President Coolidge's attitude of indifference towards the gigantic war reserves of the nations, then 1929 will indeed be a memorable year.

CANDID COMMUNICATIONS

New Air Pilot's "Watch"

A Baby Sacrificed—The Kiddies' Sunday So This is Sport!

Sir JOHN SALMOND, K.C.B.,
Adastral House, London

DEAR SIR,—The pilot Trenchard being dropped,
You ride the clouds which now are your preserves.
So tell us, please, what method you'll adopt
To soothe the public's somewhat ruffled nerves!
Navies diminish, armies are cut down:
But wide-world over Air Forces increase;
Which may, let us suppose, have caused a frown
To crinkle on the calm white brow of Peace.
But that's not your affair. You are commissioned
To make our British Royal Air Force thrive:
Effic-, suffic-, profic-, and not deficient,
The best machines, the livest corps alive.
It isn't that. Though Trenchard did his best,
To save our aeroplanes from being rotten—
Except those normally kept wrapt in cotton-
Wool, for some record-breaking Schneider Test.
Too much is wasted on the gas-bag quest!
And so *your* task will be to teach (with zest)
Lord Thomson certain things that he's forgotten.

JOHN BULL.

HIS MAJESTY THE KING,
Buckingham Palace, London, S.W.

YOUR MAJESTY,—It is my heartfelt wish that you should find 1930 a fortunate year.

I know that you think first of your kingdom; and so first I wish that the distress of unemployment may be relieved and that the handicap of bad trade may be removed.

At home honest prosperity, abroad honourable peace—can I wish you more than that?

Well, yes. I can. For the thoughts of your subjects turn first of all to you personally. They have still in their minds the memory of those anxious days when you were ill.

For them first and foremost is the wish that you should have a hearty and healthy and happy New Year.

JOHN BULL.

The Rt. Hon. J. R. MACDONALD,
10, Downing Street, London, S.W.

SIR,—When is the British Government going to fulfil its pledges to the Irish Loyalists? The pledge does not terminate with the change of Ministry. It stands good until it is fulfilled.

Little more than half of the 3,300 claims have been dealt with by the Irish Grants Committee, whose proceedings were unsatisfactory, and Mr. Baldwin promised a re-examination of the whole position.

Whatever the views of the present Government and of the Free State Government with regard to "loyalism" in Ireland, here is a debt of honour, implemented by the Irish Treaty, which must be paid.

JOHN BULL.

The BOARD of GUARDIANS,
Newtownards

SIRS,—Do you sleep sound o' nights? If not, you will dream of the strangling of Anna Sophia Hunter's two-year-old daughter and of the mother in prison for the crime.

The child was taken out of the workhouse in charge of two officials who, with the aid of a policeman, forced her on her unmarried mother.

Did your officials know that the woman lived with her brothers, who had sworn to knock out the baby's brains? Further, did they know that she was getting no support for it from the father?

It was monstrous that you should put the woman in the terrible dilemma which maddened her to the point of killing the child she loved.

JOHN BULL.

Mr. B. L. DAVIES,
c/o His Majesty

SIR,—You no longer deserve the title of Reverend, and it is to be hoped that no church will again give you the dread office of God's minister.

During your two months' imprisonment you will have time to realise that a man of religion who seeks shelter behind the cloth from his earthly responsibilities is the meanest of sinners.

That your "conscience" forbade your paying towards the upkeep of your illegitimate child shows the sort of man you are.

JOHN BULL.

Sir D. R. LLEWELLYN,
3, Whitehall Court, London, S.W.

DEAR SIR,—A month and more ago the South Wales and Monmouthshire Industrial Shareholders' Protection Association, Ltd., asked you by letter some very pertinent questions with regard to the proposed combine of Associated Welsh Collieries.

You have made no reply. That is ill-advised of you.

The arrangements of the new company apparently need to be made clearer, and the position of Messrs. Gueret, Llewellyn and Merrett and Messrs. D. R. Llewellyn and Sons, Ltd., needs defining.

JOHN BULL.

The LORD MAYOR,
Portsmouth

DEAR SIR,—What is the Portsmouth City Council going to do about the school at Cosham? The school at the Hutments was erected as a purely temporary affair. Yet three winters later it is still being used.

The building is unsuitable and unhealthy, the sanitary arrangements are deplorable, the approach is through a quagmire which soaks through the boys' boots, and the parents and schoolboys are in revolt.

Since the parents have declared a strike to start after the holidays, you will either have to order out machine-guns or buckle to. Which is it to be?

JOHN BULL.

The CHAIRMAN,
Brighton Town Council

DEAR SIR,—More power to your elbow. In the course of their somewhat prosy conferences, your council never did anything better than when they decided to open the playgrounds to children on Sundays.

Splendid! Thousands of kiddies who have had to play of a Sunday afternoon in the street will now romp safely in those paved paradises which were until now barred to them by a Victorian angel (Mrs. Grundy) with a flaming sword.

JOHN BULL.

LADY FAIRHAVEN,
37, Park Street, London, W.

MY LADY,—It is an exceedingly graceful act for you to present Runnymede to the nation, and now that precious bit of land which saw the sealing of the Magna Carta is ours.

It is not your affair, and does not lessen the graciousness of your New Year's gift, that Magna Carta is now a dead letter.

The island will be a splendid site for a museum in which to store other relics of English freedom.

JOHN BULL.

Mr. R. CROSSFIELD,
Chairman, Barrow Magistrates

SIR,—Will you explain how you and your colleagues on the Bench came to fine a poor woman keeper of a small general shop 20s. for serving a boy with ten candles fifteen minutes after closing-time, while you merely *bound over* Edward James Albion for obtaining money by false pretences by the sale of bogus tickets under a lottery?

Albion was described as "Newbarnes Ward Secretary of the Barrow Conservative and Unionist Association and a licensed lay-reader." He deserved a severe rap over the knuckles.

Why was it? The contrast is monstrous. The injustice is patent.

JOHN BULL.

The MASTER,
Tiverton Staghounds

SIR,—I heard with disgust of the staghunt near Dulverton, Exmoor, which ended with the strangling and murder of a hind.

The hind had a calf running beside it, and the mother hid its young and lured you gallant sportsmen away.

You hunted it until it fell exhausted into the river Barle, and then, exhausted and helpless, you had to lasso it and drag it out by the neck to be butchered.

The calf is motherless. Must it die of neglect?

And so this is sport!

JOHN BULL.

STRAIGHT *from the Shou'der*

MR. J. A. CHADWICK: "The price of the British loaf is a question of international economics."

Dear, dear! And housewives think it is simply a problem of domestic economy.

* * *

SIR P. CUNLIFFE-LISTER: "It is far better to break a pledge than break an industry."

Especially on New Year's Eve.

* * *

SIR HERBERT SAMUEL: "It will be necessary to pump water out of the capital as out of the mines."

But, like Pharaoh's daughters and the milkman, they draw the profit out of the water.

* * *

WINSTON CHURCHILL: "This so-called Socialist Government."

This so-called Winston Churchill!

Not from 2LO

THE EARL OF MARCH
Goes Wild in the Wrong Month

I AM an earl, a motorist bold
And a bloke who gives "views" to the Press,
As befits a youth
With a wisdom-tooth,
And the son of a Duke no less.
I'm shocked and pained when I contemplate
The dangers that may come true
For each pleb, and peer
At the steering-gear,
If this new Road Bill goes through.
I quite agree that the limit on speed
Should vanish, but yet I pause,
And I feel grave fear
When this talk I hear
Of a "dangerous driving" clause.

Who is to say what is "dangerous"?
A fellow of low degree,
As a constable dressed,
Might presume to arrest
A blue-blooded chap like me!

In fancy I can hear some listeners-in asking: "Who is this March?" So let me inform you at once, I am the March of Progress.

On the roads, those who get in the way of Progress—whether it takes the form of a racing model or a car-load of Rolls-Roysterers—must expect to suffer.

What I am out to do is to make the highway safe for the Bright Young People. For this reason, in common with many whom you may consider more sensible, I welcome the abolition of the speed-limit.

But, unfortunately, there is a large helping of grit in the axle-grease; for the idea is to abolish the speed-limit and substitute a nasty snag in the form of a clause making "dangerous driving" a serious offence.

The danger I see in this, as I have already explained to the Press, is that it may result in danger to motorists.

What I, in my infinite wisdom, may consider perfectly safe driving, some village bumpkin of a policeman may consider dangerous.

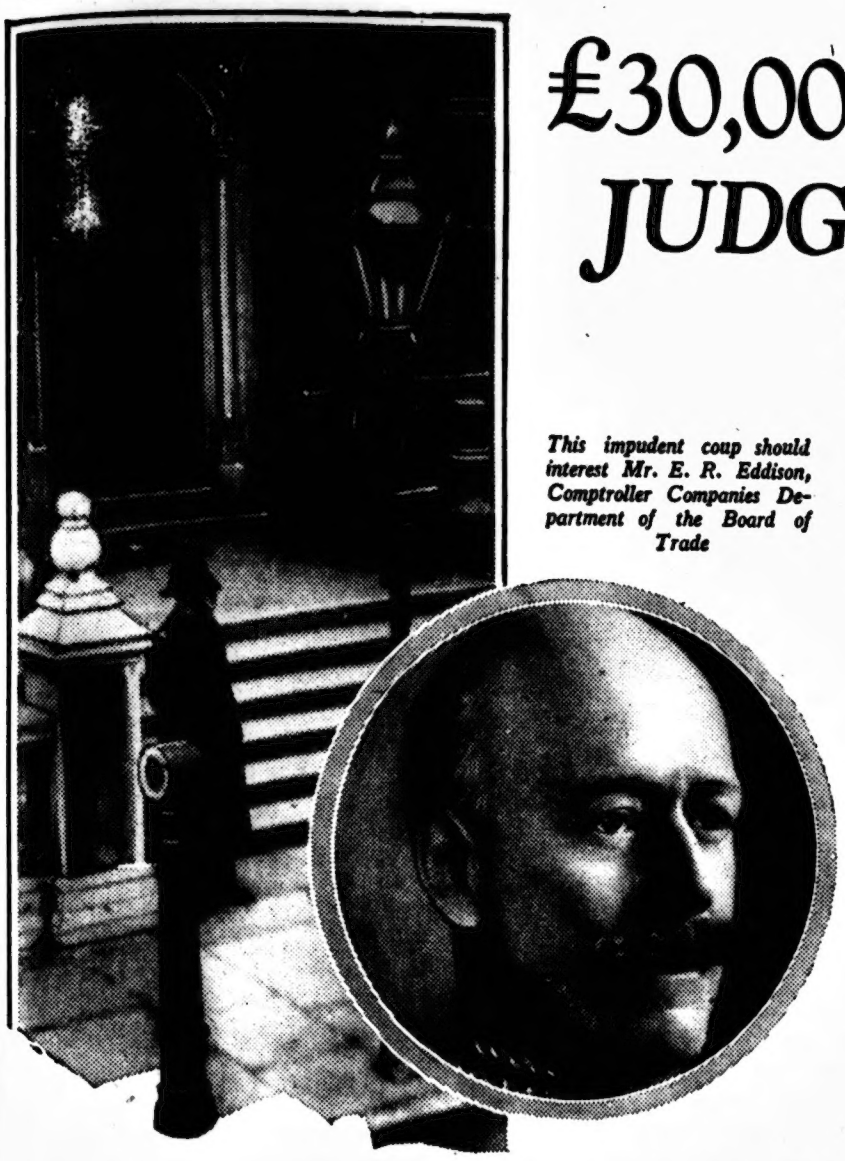
It is for this reason that I have expressed the considered opinion that "only witnesses should be called who are expert motorists, and the magistrates hearing such charges should be expert motorists."

This is a reasonable suggestion, and if you wish to carry it to its logical conclusion, by all means do so!

It is, I think you will agree,
To say the least, unfair
That persons charged with burglary
With patience have to bear
The evidence of folks who wouldn't
Crack a crib, because they couldn't,
Or break a head because they shouldn't!

When men are charged with making free
With someone else's pelf,
'Tis only fair the judge should be
A criminal himself.
Wife-beaters would get justice, too,
If they were tried by J.P.s who
Wallop their own wives black and blue!

£30,000 COUP at the JUDGES' DOOR



"In the very shadow of the High Courts of Justice"

This impudent coup should interest Mr. E. R. Eddison, Comptroller Companies Department of the Board of Trade

A COUP of almost incredible ingenuity, in which plans were laid to fleece the public of at least £30,000 within three short weeks, has just been perpetrated in Carey Street, in the very shadow of the High Courts of Justice.

The coup opened with the widespread circulation of thousands of letters inviting people to take up shares in various soundly established companies at bargain prices.

These letters were neatly typewritten upon costly notepaper, bearing the heading: "Osborne and Co.—Stockbrokers and Agents for Britain's Best Financial Houses."

The people thus circulated doubtless wondered how their names and addresses had been obtained, and we are in a position to reveal that Osborne and Co. selected them from lists purchased from a firm of enquiry agents in East London, which specialises in searching shareholders' files at Somerset House.

Artful note

A woman who lives in a Devonshire town received a communication from Osborne and Co., being informed that they had for disposal a block of shares in one of the most famous companies in England—a company which has paid first-class dividends for years.

Unfortunately, the Devon woman, who had already invested wisely in many sound concerns, did not pause to consider the utter improbability of anyone wishing to dispose of such gilt-edged stock.

Moreover, she was impressed by the general tone of the company's letter, and by the artful little note on the heading explaining that the company's offices were "just opposite the Royal Courts of Justice."

Then there was a cunningly added postscript, running: "Send a telegram with instructions by return if you are interested, as these shares will be greatly in demand."

And, to stress the exclusiveness of this offer, the postscript stipulated that any telegraphic instructions must be confirmed by letter enclosing cheque.

The Devon woman, like many others, fell into the cleverly baited trap, and sent a telegram, a letter and—a cheque for £280. But she waited for gilt-edged shares in vain.

Osborne and Co. lost no time in cashing her cheque.

Her £280, we find, is a drop in the ocean compared with the amounts which have poured into the coffers of this Carey Street company for gilt-edged stock that was never forthcoming.

Many thousands of pounds have been extracted from the public in three short weeks, simply on the strength of clever circular letters of the type indicated above.

Benevolent old man

A pretty coup to be perpetrated from a basement office immediately opposite the judges' entrance to the High Courts!

The moving spirit behind this swindle is a man named Alfred Osborne, a benevolent, white-haired, cultured man of sixty-four.

As right-hand men he had two modest individuals of middle-age, who were content to be known by their underlings as "Mr. Albert" and "Mr. Fred."

Osborne, however, directed the organisation with unerring judgment.

Everything was carried out with calm precision. A staff of expert typists was engaged from a big typewriting agency, which also furnished the machines.

The office was a furnished one, so that the only stock-in-trade required was a generous supply of well-printed stationery—and ingenuity.

It is typical of Osborne's audacity that the mass of letter-headings, share-contract forms and other printed matter was obtained on credit from a big firm of law-stationers in Chancery Lane, which has never been paid.

At first, the girls, who were kept working at high pressure from early morning till late at night, were also impressed by the business acumen and energy of their elderly employer.

They were employed only in the purely routine work of typing letters to dictation and making out receipts for cheques which poured in to the tune of nearly £2,000 a day.

It was only when they found that they were never permitted to view or handle a single letter from outside that their suspicions first became aroused.

Then, as business progressed, the absence of books of account and files struck them as unusual.

Mr. Osborne suddenly grew somewhat strange in his habits.

It was noticeable that footsteps on the stairs seemed to perturb him; and sometimes, when signing letters, his hand would grow so unsteady that his lieutenants would fortify him with brandy.

Later, the attendance of the principals became irregular, and the girls were told to put off callers with excuses to the effect that Mr. Osborne was too ill to attend to business.

Finally, one Friday night, Mr. Osborne left the office-key with the head typist, saying that he would be calling at the bank on business first thing in the morning and might be delayed.

When the staff arrived on the Saturday they found the wastepaper-baskets overflowing with torn correspondence, while a note which Osborne had pinned to a desk, bore the following brief message:

I am just off out of town. Ring up your firm and tell them to collect the typewriters. Then you may go.

That was the last seen of Messrs. Osborne and Co.

Soon got busy

Who, then, is the warped genius who planned and executed this immense coup?

We can here reveal that the man who has passed as Osborne is an habitual offender whose real name is John Harvey Redgrave. He has plundered the public intermittently since 1894.

He has a number of aliases and he has served several terms of imprisonment, including one of ten years' penal servitude.

And, to crown all, he only emerged from jail last September.

Weekly Informations from—

NOBLEMAN'S Simple Little SYSTEM

—SIR WYNDHAM CHILDS

HUMAN credulity has been stretched to breaking-point about gambling systems, you will say. But no, the man who can break the bank at Monte Carlo is here again.

One L. F. Tibolth, of Westbourne Gardens, W., has been advertising in a weekly journal for people with money to invest in a novel scheme.

I can give the world some advance details because, although Mr. Tibolth has spent a quarter of a century studying the laws of chance, and impresses upon all his clients the need for secrecy, he did not foresee the possibility of one of his prospective investors being amongst my readers.

That reader has sent me a communication in which Mr. Tibolth gives a "simple outline" of his scheme to revolutionise Monte Carlo. It takes up thirteen closely written pages.

Gallant hussar

Mr. Tibolth claims to be a Hungarian nobleman but modestly omits to mention his rank.

He also states that he is an ex-officer of the 8th Hungarian Hussar Regiment, but refers to England as his "beloved adopted country."

He frankly admits that his income is small; but if he lacks funds, he has an astounding fund of invention.

He desires to form a syndicate of a limited number of "discreet and somewhat experienced gentlemen and/or ladies" to make a "mass attack" upon the bank at Monte Carlo.

In his years of research he has discarded all known systems as useless; but he has unbounded confidence in his own system, which he declares can beat the wheel or cards "definitely without any doubt."

He professes to be able to tell when the bank lays itself open to an attack.

"When and how long would you be able to absent yourself?" he asks my reader; "and how much capital can you invest?"

As I have said, schemes to break the bank are not new; but Mr. Tibolth's project certainly possesses one novel feature.

"The work in the Casino," he writes, "has to be done just as if it would be the work in a business office."

He then goes on to explain that "business hours" for his syndicate must start immediately the bank opens.

I am intensely amused by a mental picture of the syndicate members arriving each day, punctually to the minute, hanging up their silk hats and umbrellas, setting down their despatch-cases, and taking their seats at the gaming-tables with grave, commercial countenances.

Nothing is to be left to individual discretion, it seems. The members are to be mere clerks, slaves of routine, working under Mr. Tibolth's direction.

Comic syndicate

"For every move in the work of the game," he says, "there are strict rules that must be observed to the letter."

Having put in their set number of hours at the tables, the syndicate members are free to gather up their hats and umbrellas and despatch-cases and go to their respective dwellings.

I hope none of my readers will be indiscreet enough to put money into this "business."

Apart from the extravagant claims put forward by Mr. Tibolth, the scheme is killed in his own words when he points out that the various gaming establishments would "put up some preventive measures" unless the utmost secrecy were maintained.

Important PRISONER VANISHES: *Bail Scandal*

Alderman Jacobs, of the City of London Guildhall, punished an Englishman who endeavoured to aid an American gangster in this country

"Mr. Justice MacKinnon waited in vain"

REAR-ADMIRAL CHARLES W. ROYDS, C.M.G., the Assistant-Commissioner of the Metropolitan Police, who is acting as Lord Byng's deputy at Scotland Yard while the sick Commissioner is recuperating abroad, has many grave duties claiming his attention.

But he should certainly find time to investigate a scandal which reflects unjustly upon the integrity of certain police officers of high rank, and makes British justice a laughing-stock in the eyes of foreign authorities.

During the past few months numerous foreign financiers, who have obtained huge sums of money from British investors, have fled the country just as the police, after long and concentrated enquiry, were about to lay them by the heels.

In this connection we have lately published exclusive exposures of various foreign financiers who have recently absconded in similar circumstances—notably Francis Lorang, Edward Mello, Michael Corrigan (alias Cassidy) and Peters Mathys Heuser.

The latest example is afforded by an American named John Munich.

During his recent visit to our shores Munich preferred to pass as "William Maynard." He posed as a man of means, occupying a suite at a famous hotel, and lived on an extravagant scale.

He always kept a magnificent car and chauffeur at his disposal and made frequent trips to Paris, where he maintained an expensive flat in the Rue Canal.

His outward show of affluence was really a mask for his criminal pursuits, for Munich is a notorious American "high pressure" crook who has always lived by his wits, defrauding people through the medium of worthless securities.

An easy £625

Some months ago, for instance, he called upon a Manchester man of means and, producing credentials which seemed to show beyond dispute that he was associated with a banking institution in France, unfolded a most attractive scheme.

As a verbal "spell-binder" Munich has few equals, and he persuaded the Manchester man that if he would invest £625 in a certain combine it could be doubled within a few months. The investor lost every penny.

People have been duped by Munich in Ilkley, Leeds, St. Helens, Berwick, Sheffield and London, for sums ranging from £250 to £1,500.

In each case, as soon as the money has changed hands, Munich has maintained an unbroken silence, but the victims have despatched numerous complaints to Scotland Yard.

Official enquiries were necessarily slow, partly because of the widespread area over which Munich worked, and partly because it became necessary to confer with the police authorities of both France and America.

Detective Ward even went to Paris; and ultimately enough evidence was obtained to arrest this affluent mystery man, who was taken by surprise one day at his hotel.

As the chief prosecuting victim was a Sheffield man it was essential that Munich should be tried there.

And in view of the need for further enquiries in America and on the Continent, Supt. Naylor, of the local police, applied to the magistrates for a remand in custody.

Munich asked for bail, but the police strongly opposed.

In doing so they stressed the danger of his absconding, pointing out that he was a notorious American sharp, who was in this country entirely without permission, and who had been extremely difficult to catch.

For a time the magistrates ordered Munich to be kept in custody, and after all his victims had given indisputable evidence against him and the police had amassed a great deal of incriminating information about his past career, he was committed for trial at the Leeds assizes.

If ever police officers pleaded fairly that the ends of justice would be defeated were bail granted, they did so in this case.

Yet the Sheffield bench of magistrates, under the chairmanship of Lt.-Col. H. K. Stephenson, apparently entertained a feeling that the mystery man from America was not as black as he was painted.

Such a nice man

They believed this "spell-binder" when, in his most sincere manner, he promised on his honour to attend his trial at Leeds, and he was granted bail.

Munich was due to appear at the assizes a few days ago; but he did not turn up. The judgment of the police is thus fully vindicated; but there is small satisfaction in knowing that they were right now that he has been allowed to escape.

It is extremely doubtful if he will ever be caught again, for he has taken the opportunity to slip out of the country, and we happen to know that he is now in Canada.

This case is all the more scandalous in view of the fact that an order was made against Munich as far back as 1925 prohibiting him from entering this country.

On that occasion he was being sent back to answer charges of obtaining money by false pretences in his native America, from which he had absconded.

After serving a six months' sentence in America he showed his contempt for English laws by returning at once in another name, and he has been in and out of the country ever since.

Spell-bounder

Startling revelations concerning the activities of American share-pushers were expected recently in the Royal Courts of Justice in a case scheduled to be tried before Mr. Justice MacKinnon, who waited in vain.

The case was never heard, however, because the defendants failed to put in an appearance.

Another American share-pusher, who has claimed considerable attention from Scotland Yard, but who departed just in time, is John C. Hosher.

He came over here and captured investors to the extent of £90,000, in a "unit" share scheme, which we constantly condemned.

We are pleased to record, therefore, that he has just been sentenced in New York to five years' penal servitude for the very offences we exposed.

Can nothing be done to ensure that our laws are not flouted in this impudent manner, and that time and money expended in bringing rogues to book shall not be spent in vain, as they have been in the case of John Munich?

A Nautical Old Man

A TALL stranger, with a breezy, nautical air, and a row of medal ribbons decorating his blue reefer-jacket, recently arrived at a Coventry hotel, where he registered as Charles Dalrymple.

He intimated that he had just arrived from Southampton, having been paid off from the *Aquitania*, a vessel on which he had served for a greater number of years than he cared to recall.

* * *

Advancing years now forced him to seek a reluctant retirement, and he had come to Coventry with the object of investing his savings in a business.

This much he volunteered in frank, sailor-like fashion in the course of conversation with the hotel proprietor.

On his very first day at Coventry he asked his host to direct him to the local branch of the Westminster Bank, as he wished to have his account transferred from Southampton with all possible speed.

Mr. Dalrymple actually interviewed the bank-manager, repeating in detail the story he had told at the hotel.

The manager took down all necessary particulars, and promised to communicate with his Southampton branch at once.

After leaving the bank, Dalrymple went on an extensive shopping tour. He called upon one shopkeeper after another, and, while making various purchases, openly chatted to them of his personal affairs.

In each instance he persuaded the shopkeeper to accept a cheque made out on a plain slip of paper, which he signed with a flourish over a twopenny stamp.

His makeshift cheques have all been dishonoured, as he has no account at Southampton, and all that Coventry has gained by his visit is a cheap attaché-case full of dirty linen, which he left behind at his hotel.

* * *

The real name of this hardened rogue is Ponsonby Dalrymple, and he passes alternately as Charles Dalrymple and Charles Ponsonby. He is notorious for uttering forged cheques and obtaining goods by false pretences.

He has gone free too long.

An Oily "KNIGHT"

A VENERABLE-LOOKING person of sixty recently called upon an influential business man in Oxford, impudently posing as Sir James Pratt, and claiming association with the famous petrol firm.

He explained that he was looking for a suitable house in the neighbourhood, and would be greatly obliged if the business man could put him in touch with one or two high-class estate-agents in the vicinity.

The desired information was readily given, whereupon the venerable person interviewed the agents, taking great care to impress upon them that he had been personally recommended by the influential business man, whose name naturally carried considerable weight.

* * *

"Sir James Pratt" was conducted on tours of inspection of various properties, and intimated that he was prepared to pay anything up to £5,000.

It says much for his personal charm that he succeeded in winning the esteem and confidence of every agent in turn to such an extent that they one and all "obliged" him by cashing a cheque for £25.

In each case he arranged to view further properties on the following day; but on the following day he was far away.

The cheques have been dishonoured, and enquiry shows that they were actually taken from a book stolen from a house in Roehampton.

This bogus knight has stayed at a number of fashionable hotels, from each of which he has departed without paying his bill.

Inventors Duped by ALIEN IMPOSTOR

Captain Drury Coleman, Secretary of the Institute of Patentees, has received countless complaints about Bettinger

"Bettinger boasts world-wide influence"

BRITISH patentees are here urgently warned by JOHN BULL to avoid a systematic and cunning attempt to take their money for nothing.

Every week the names of hundreds of patentees are published in the official journal of the British Patent Office, and a Continental organisation has lately sprung into being which sees in these weekly lists of budding inventors a means of making money crookedly.

This organisation calls itself the International Patent Agency, and, boasting world-wide influence, has its headquarters in the Rue d'Itzig, Bonnevole, Luxembourg.

In a typical circular letter which it sends unsolicited to English inventors, the International Patent Agency says: "We have specialised for a considerable time in the commercial exploitation of patented inventions."

Briefly, an offer is made to carry out the protection of a patent in various countries at fees considerably below those of most agents.

Attractive terms lure unsuspecting inventors into accepting offers without misgiving.

His real name

But we are in a position to show why the International Patent Agency's circulars should be viewed with distrust.

We have discovered that the person behind this Luxembourg agency is a man who calls himself Pierre Rippinger, but whose real name is Michael Bettinger.

Prior to embarking upon his present activities, he was operating from Powis Road, Preston, and North's Chambers, Barrow-in-Furness.

From both these addresses he carried on the same trick of posing as guide, philosopher and friend to budding inventors, and numbers of complaints have been received about him.

Among his many victims is a woman residing in the South of England who owns a valuable patent.

Bettinger got in touch with her by circular from his Barrow-in-Furness office, and she parted with £57 10s. in the belief that he would be helpful in securing American, Canadian, German and Czecho-Slovakian rights for her invention.

Bettinger informed this client that the application had been filed, and throughout two years he kept her at bay with plausible excuses as to why the patents had not yet been delivered.

Her last letter to Bettinger was returned marked "Gone away," and when she came to make enquiries she found that no application had ever been filed in Canada, and that other foreign applications had become void because Bettinger had never paid the fees.

Thus, besides losing her money, this unhappy woman was robbed of all chance of securing protection of her patent in four countries.

Another case is that of a man who paid Bettinger £46 10s. on the understanding that patents would be secured in five foreign countries.

In this instance, Bettinger actually instructed a Swiss patent-agent to file the applications in Belgium, France and Italy.

But he arranged that the instructions only reached the agent on the very last day of the prescribed period allowed for filing.

Pay or lose

He sent no fees with these instructions, and the Swiss firm, knowing that the delay in writing to Bettinger for the money would be fatal to the application, went ahead in good faith and carried out the work.

It is still waiting for its fees and refuses to deliver the patents it has obtained until Bettinger pays up.

As the latter is not likely to move in the matter, the luckless inventor is faced with the alternatives of paying again the fees he had already entrusted to Bettinger or submit to the loss of his foreign patents rights.

In a further case that has come to our notice quite a large sum of money was involved with another Swiss firm.

Fortunately for the inventor, it generously handed over the patents to him merely on payment of the duty fees which it had disbursed from its own pockets.

Other cases we have examined involve sums ranging from £40 to £100, and the majority of them concern people to whom these sums represent hard-earned savings or loans that they are finding difficult to repay.

Bettinger, to our knowledge, has been prosecuted on at least two occasions in this country for illegally posing as a patent-agent.

In each instance a conviction was secured, and it was following the latter that he decided to decamp.

When he did so he sold up all his possessions in the North, including many articles obtained on hire-purchase and unpaid for.

He left with the police hot on his trail for offences under the Aliens Restrictions Act.

Bettinger is only one of many rogues who have sought the sanctuary of Luxembourg, where no extradition laws are in force.

In the w.p.b.

This exposure should have the effect of diverting most of his well-baited circulars to wastepaper-baskets, and the Chief of Police at Luxembourg is now given a strong hint to deal with Bettinger and others who are using his country as a base for dubious operations.

"Author, publisher and company promoter"

ONE definite protection which the new Companies Act will give to the public when it comes into full operation next week is the compulsion on company directors to disclose, before embarking on new ventures, the fate of derelict concerns with which they may have been previously associated.

A sorry catalogue of wreckage will have to be prepared when the name of Sidney Fowler Wright is next paraded.

* * *

JOHN BULL has previously exposed some of the methods of this ingenious person, and it is all the more urgent now that a new warning should be given.

POETS *in a* TIGHT CORNER

Fowler Wright is an editor, author, publisher and company promoter. But in the fields of literature, commerce and finance he is much more notorious than notable.

Mr. Justice Bennett put a temporary stop to Fowler Wright's activities a few days ago when he ordered a defaulting company which bears his name to be compulsorily wound up.

* * *

Fowler Wright, Ltd., as it was called, came into existence and expired in a manner exactly similar to that which has been the case with other of this man's companies.

They had practically no capital, were exploited solely for his personal gain, and, when the wells of credit had been drained dry, judges and creditors were treated with utter contempt.

In some cases he has tried to the last minute to stave off judicial investigation of his affairs.

When these methods at last failed, he flouted judgments and other court orders made against him and went on merrily in a new guise.

On the same day that Mr. Justice Bennett put the searchlight on Fowler Wright's questionable business activities, Sir Alfred Tobin, the Westminster County Court judge, had a peep into his domestic administration.

A dentist, with more optimism than hope, was suing on an unpaid account for professional services to Fowler Wright and his family.

For more than twenty years Fowler Wright had been playing this game with his companies and his personal affairs.

Before literature knew him he was at various times interested in hardware, slates, mantles and accountancy in Birmingham and West Bromwich, and always in his wake was an ever-rising stream of unsatisfied judgments and complaints.

At other times, when he wanted funds, he advertised for a residential secretary, and demanded a premium of £100 from anyone who was sufficiently foolish to approach him.

Poets were persuaded to pay him for publication of their works in local anthologies which Fowler Wright undertook to produce, but the royalties they were promised were not forthcoming.

* * *

He promoted a company named Literary Contests, and became a competition solutionist.

He was summoned without avail for non-payment for contributions, and finally closed down before repaying the capital which his manager had invested with him.

Altogether Fowler Wright is too sharp and sappy for honest business.

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A.J. 29.10.26

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READERS' attention is drawn to the JOHNNIE WALKER advt. on page 25.

ENRICH your Stews, Soups and Meat Dishes with the addition of a BEEFEX CUBE. They only cost 1d. each. The advt. appears on p. 25.

TAILS UP *for the* NEW YEAR

by A. G. GARDINER

Their New Year chorus is "Work and plenty of it"

THE sands of the year are running out. Let us turn, as Browning says, to "greet the unseen with a cheer." A new year is a new adventure, and though "'tis not in mortals to command success," the upshot of the adventure depends much on the spirit of the adventurer.

We do not govern circumstances, but neither are we wholly governed by them; and those will succeed best in the adventure who play their part in the joust with circumstances most confidently and bravely.

So let us greet 1930 with a cheer.

It is well to stress this point on the eve of the New Year because we in this country have sadly overdone the role of Mrs. Gummidge.

That excellent woman found that everything in life "went contrairy," and we have caught her spirit of lamentation.

It is usually regarded as bad business to "cry stinking fish," but we have been engaged for years past in little else than advertising to the world that England is going to the dogs.

It is not true!

While America has been preaching "Prosperity" we have been preaching "Failure," shouting it in our newspapers, invoking it in the desolating literature of disillusion and disgust that pours in a flood from our foul novelists

We cannot complain if the world takes us at our word, if it assumes that we are down and out, and that we have become a nation of degenerates occupied with nothing but our diseases and our nameless vices.

That, I repeat, is not good business. It would not be good business if it were true. And it is not true.

In making this denial, I do not wish to go to the other extreme.

An extravagant optimism is as mischievous as an extravagant despair, and it would be as false to suggest that, in the slang phrase, everything in the garden's lovely as it is to suggest that everything is going to rack and ruin.

We have had eight years of depression in trade, and we have entered on the ninth bad winter. The staple industries are still under a cloud, and the unemployment figure still stands in the neighbourhood of a million and a quarter.

Taxation is still on a war level, and there is every reason to expect that it will go higher.

But, accepting all this, it is nevertheless possible, taking a wide view of things, to be of good cheer.

Bad as things are, we are still the richest, the most prosperous and the most productive country in Europe, with the best-clothed, the best-fed and the most cared-for population.

More people are at work in England to-day than there were before the war, and though the basic industries are still having heavy weather, the newer industries are flourishing here as vigorously as anywhere.

And the outlook is improving. It is improving chiefly because the world is slowly getting stabilised again.

The currencies are now established again and the political seas are calming, and just as we suffered most by the disruption, we stand to gain most by the return of settled conditions.

Take the case of Russia, for example.

For ten years, practically ever since the war, we have been almost completely cut off from trade as well as diplomatic relations with that vast country.

A Russian Ambassador is once more in London and a British Ambassador is in Moscow. The two countries are again on speaking terms at least, and the result cannot fail to give an important stimulus to trade.

First-fruits

This I regard as one of the happiest omens of the New Year, and I shall be greatly surprised if the gain is not handsomely reflected in the trade returns of 1930.

Then, again, the world is visibly emerging from the war atmosphere. The last British soldier has left the Rhine and the last French soldier will soon follow.

Mr. MacDonald's pow-wows with Mr. Hoover have given the English-speaking nations the leadership of the peace movement in the world, and we are about to see the first fruits of that fact in the conference in London on Naval disarmament.

We must not expect too much from that conference; but it is at least an evidence that peace is under way, and I am satisfied that if Britain and America stand together they will in the end compel the other nations to come to reasonable terms of disarmament.

And this will benefit us, not merely by enabling us to reduce our intolerable expenditure on armaments, but still more by speeding up that pacification of the world which is the most urgent interest of our trading community.

And it is not only in the political sphere that events are moving to our advantage.

There are signs of returning life and energy even in some of our basic industries. The lessons of the eight lean years are beginning to be learned.

Depression lifting

There are hopeful reconstructions afoot in the cotton trade and in the iron and steel trade. The depression in the shipping trade has begun to lift, and the disastrous effects of the sale of so many German ships to British owners at knock-down prices after the war are wearing off.

At the present time we are building more shipping than all the rest of the world put together—as large a proportion in fact as at any time in our history.

Even in the coal trade there are at last signs that we have touched bottom and are on the up-grade.

The proposals of the Government in regard to marketing will need careful watching in the interests of the consumer, who must not be unduly plundered in order that the miners and mine-owners can come to terms.

Given this caution, nothing but good can come from the new movement.

Is this too flattering a forecast with which to approach the New Year?

Business G.H.Q.

I do not intend to lay the colour on too thick, and I am quite aware that there are shadows on the landscape. But the shadows have had too much of our attention in the past.

On the eve of the New Year it is not out of place to change our tune to a major and more sensible key—a key much truer to the facts than the wail of the minor to which we have listened too long.

There is still much to be done. We need a new spirit between Capital and Labour; less politics mixed up with our economics and industry.

We ought to imitate the example of America, where, in the face of the recent crisis, Mr. Hoover has summoned the leaders of industry to a common battle against the threatened depression of trade.

Above all, we want a G.H.Q. of industry which will keep Governments from barking up the wrong trees and floundering from one blunder to another in ignorance of the facts.

I hope these things will come out of our present distresses.

But in the meantime I think we have reason to take heart. We have emerged from the war and are now emerging from the consequences of the "peace." The New Year shines ahead with clearer and less troubled skies than we have seen for fifteen years.

Let us greet it with a cheer.

Homely Wisdom

Good Times Ahead!

Says CANON R. J. CAMPBELL, D.D.

ONCE more, as an old year draws to a close and a new one dawns, we begin to ask ourselves whether the future will be better than the past.

When we greet each other with kindly wishes at this special time we certainly feel hopeful.

We usually see cheery faces all round us on New Year's Day, and the fact shows that the human heart has a wonderful way of expecting brighter things from its to-morrows despite the disappointments of its yesterdays.

Whence comes this unquenchable optimism which helps us so greatly in fighting the battle of life?

It springs from an eternal fountain. It is an evidence that behind us and within us—sustaining, comforting, and guiding us even when we don't know it—is a power and will divine.

No one is outside the scope of that power; no one goes unaided by that beneficent will.

We are not left entirely to ourselves, however much it may seem to be so and however hard the path we may have to tread.

THIS is my own firm faith, and my observation and experience are constantly furnishing confirmation of it.

A JOHN BULL reader has lately written to me from India objecting to some of the things I say in this column. I seem to have touched him on the raw.

He insists that life as he knows it exhibits no slightest sign of divine supervision or interest in us and our joys and sorrows.

We are entirely dependent on ourselves, he says, and ought to face up the fact and make the best of it. It is man, not God, who loves, pities, and extends a helping hand to the human travellers on life's highway.

It is to our own courage, strength and will to betterment that we must look if the world is to become a brighter and happier place in days to come.

BUT note what this man is really saying. Where do these great qualities come from upon which he so confidently relies for the increase of human happiness?

They are simply God in us, and therefore unconquerable. That is why when we wish each other "A Happy New Year" we have the feeling that there are better things in store than we have yet attained.

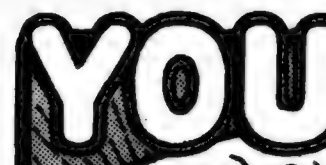
There is no limit to the good we can expect if only we trust hard enough in the power within us and give it full opportunity to lift us to higher heights.

Ring out, wild bells, to the wild sky,
The flying cloud, the frosty light;
The year is dying in the night:
Ring out, wild bells, and let him die.

Ring out the old, ring in the new;
Ring, happy bells, across the snow;
The year is going, let him go;
Ring out the false, ring in the true.

Ring in the valiant man and free,
The larger heart, the kindlier hand;
Ring out the darkness of the land,
Ring in the Christ that is to be.

YOU NEEDN'T GET 'FLU OR A FEVERISH COLD



'ASPRO' WILL STOP IT IN ONE NIGHT

It's one thing for a medicine to claim to remove a 'Flu attack—it's another thing to do it. 'ASPRO' makes positive, definite and clear claims that it will relieve an Influenza or Cold attack in one night and it proves it. A good practice is to take two or three tablets with a hot lemon drink or a hot whisky. The value of 'ASPRO' for Influenza was proved in Australia when the Pneumonic Influenza Plague ravaged the country, and the Federal Parliament of Australia proclaimed 'ASPRO' a necessary commodity in the public interest. 'ASPRO' attacks Influenza in two ways. First, as an anti-pyretic or fever-destroyer; secondly, when ingested in the system, as a powerful internal antiseptic and germicide. A letter received from one relieved of Influenza makes the 'ASPRO' position clear when he says "You can't have 'Flu and 'ASPRO' too." Space will not permit the extensive publication of users' testimony. The following, however, should be sufficient to convince even the most sceptical.

READ THIS LIVING TESTIMONY

INCESSANT SNEEZING AND 'FLU STOPPED BY 'ASPRO'

21, Bushberry Road, Moorerton, E.9.
19th October, 1929.

Dear Sir,

I feel duty bound to express my gratitude for the wonderful benefit I have derived by taking 'ASPRO,' especially relating to influenza head colds, etc.

Two years ago I left work with a high temperature, also pains down my back and thighs. I took three 'ASPRO' tablets on reaching home, taking three more on going to bed washed down with a hot glass of lemon water. To my astonishment on waking next morning after a most refreshing sleep I was my normal self and able to resume work.

Last year I had a similar attack with the same result. Now only this week (Tuesday) I was seized with incessant sneezing, with resultant running of the nose, and every indication of a bad attack of 'Flu.

Resorting to 'ASPRO' again and adopting the same method as above I was AGAIN relieved in one night. I thought the first two cases mentioned were just coincidence, but surely the third time proves beyond all doubt their marvellous powers.

Yours truly, (Signed) T. TROLLOPE.

'FLU & HEADACHE BANISHED

7, Artillery Lane, Bishopsgate, London, E.C.2.

Sir,

Having seen your advertisement for 'ASPRO' I tried a box. I had influenza and a very bad headache. I can tell you, sir, I never even finished the box and I was relieved. I can assure you I would never be without them. I will recommend them to my friends. To my idea no family should be without them.

You may use my card for an advertisement.

(Signed) Mrs. JOEL.

'FLU GOES IN 24 HOURS

30, Hythe Street, Dartford, Kent.

Dear Sir,

I now take pleasure in writing you these few lines telling you about your 'ASPRO' Tablets. I had an attack of influenza last week and was so bad I really did not know what to take for the best until I was looking through a daily paper and I saw an advertisement about 'ASPRO' Tablets for the 'Flu. Well, I thought I would try a packet, and I did. Do you know they stopped the 'Flu in less than 24 hours. Now I am quite fit and well again, and I must say this that 'ASPRO' Tablets were the only thing that did it. They are a most wonderful pick-me-up, and now that they have done me good I shall insist upon taking them always.

(Signed) F. L. HODGE.

P.S.—I shall recommend them to everyone.

'THROATY' 'FLU 'ASPRO' IS

A SAFE, EFFECTIVE GARGLE FOR SORE THROATS AND TONSILITIS.

Two 'ASPRO' tablets dissolved in four tablespoonsful of water make a very excellent gargle for sore throat, tonsilitis and acts as a deterrent. The reason why 'ASPRO' has such quick action in banishing influenza and cold attacks is, first, because it is an antipyretic or fever destroyer; secondly, when ingested in the system it is a powerful internal antiseptic and germicide. So 'ASPRO' represents two powerful methods of attack to complaints of this nature.

EVEN A CHILD CAN TAKE 'ASPRO.'

Two simple methods of giving 'ASPRO' to the kiddies are: (a) with a little milk; or (b) break the tablet up and administer in a teaspoonful of jam. The dosage is: Children 3 to 6 years, ¼ tablet; 6 to 14 years, one tablet; 14 to 18 years, 1½ tablets. 'ASPRO' like every other medicine, should not be given to babies under 3 years of age without medical advice.

What 'ASPRO' DOES

1. 'ASPRO' stops violent headaches in 5 to 10 minutes.
2. It brings sweet sleep to the sleepless.
3. It relieves rheumatism in one night.
4. It stops children's growing pains.
5. It saves many a sound tooth by removing toothache.
6. It brings relief without causing sickness, indigestion or a craving.
7. It stops pain without harming the heart.
8. It soothes away irritability.
9. A hot lemon drink and two or three 'ASPRO' Tablets will smash up a Cold or 'Flu attack in one night.
10. It reduces temperature in 5 minutes.
11. It can be taken any time, in Tube, Tram, Train, at Home, at Business—anywhere—everywhere.
12. It is so safe a child can take it.
13. It is the greatest help for women every little while ever known.
14. It stops the ill after-effects of alcohol.

3D. 6D. 1/3 & 2/6

PER PACKET.

'ASPRO' consists of the purest Acetyl Salicylic acid that has ever been known to Medical Science, and its claims are based on its superiority.

Agents: GOLLIN & CO. PTY. Ltd. ('Aspro' Dept.), SLOUGH, BUCKS.

Telephone: Slough 686.

ASPRO REG. TRADE MARK

No proprietary right is claimed in the method of manufacture or the formula.

MADE BY ASPRO LTD., SLOUGH, ENGLAND.

ALL LEADING CHEMISTS AND STORES, INCLUDING BOOTS, TAYLORS, TIMOTHY WHITES, SQUIRES, NEEDHAMS, ETC., STOCK AND DISPLAY 'ASPRO.'

They're wonderfully soothing!

WILLS'S

CAPSTAN

NAVY CUT

CIGARETTES

Plain or Cork-Tipped

CC 381

4 FAMOUS PRESCRIPTIONS FOR ALL FORMS OF INDIGESTION

No. 1077 (Non-Purgative.) Thousands of Sufferers from Acidity, Heartburn, Sour Stomach, Fermentative Dyspepsia, Gastric Catarrh, Wind or Flatulence, Fullness after Meals, and all forms of acid indigestion, have been cured by this prescription, which is composed of:—*Bismuth Carb., Soda Bicarb., Magnesia Carb., Carminatives—Aniseed, Peppermint, etc.* In Tablets, with directions. Sizes 1,6 (72), 2/6 (144), 7/- (432).

No. 15 Where the Indigestion and Acidity is Exceptionally Painful, take Prescription for Painful Dyspepsia, No. 15, in addition to above; the pains will disappear like magic. No. 15 costs 1/9 (72), 3/3 (144 tablets).

No. 2000 (Laxative.) Periodical bilious attacks, constipation, sick headache and bowel indigestion indicate a sluggish liver, and for this nothing equals a grain of Barbados aloes, mixed with a little capsicum, and a trace of pure olive oil soft soap to form a pill. Take it with each meal and you will soon be better. This is a useful formula to keep in the house for family use. Get it now, and prove its worth. It is known as Shadforth Prescription No. 2000, and costs 1/3 (100), 3/- (300 pills).

No. 882 (Nature's Digestive Juices.) A prevalent form of indigestion is connected with a deficiency of the digestive juices, pepsine and diastase. The following formula, noted for its absorbent properties, gives prompt relief; you can almost say that it is prescribed by Nature herself. It can be used either by itself or as an addition to either of the above prescriptions if desired. It is composed of pepsin, malt extract, diastase, charcoal, and capsicum in tablets. Take two with each meal. Costs 1/- (25), 1/9 (50), and 2/9 (100 tablets).

You can obtain these Prescriptions post free from

MR. WILLIAM SHADFORTH,
PHARMACEUTICAL CHEMIST,
(Shadforth Prescription Service, Ltd.)
(Dept. J.B.40), 49, King William St., London Bridge, E.C.4

Branches: 168, High Street, Walthamstow, E.17; 409, Barking Road, East Ham, E.6; 1a, Durban Road, West Ham, E.15; 6, Ashton Parade, Chadwell Heath; 1148, Green Lane, Becontree Heath; 2, Heath Park Parade, Gidea Park; 44, London Road, Romford; and 65, Grove Road, Bow, London, E.3.

FREE COUPON To Purchasers

TO THE SHADFORTH PRESCRIPTION SERVICE, LTD.

I should like to have a free copy of your Book of Prescriptions No. A209 with my enclosed order.

Name .....

Address .....

John Bull Advert.

"John Bull" Guarantee

EVERY article advertised in "John Bull" carries with it a "money-back" guarantee.

All foods, food products, toilet preparations, medicines and drugs, and other articles capable of a laboratory test which have been approved by our experts are marked—

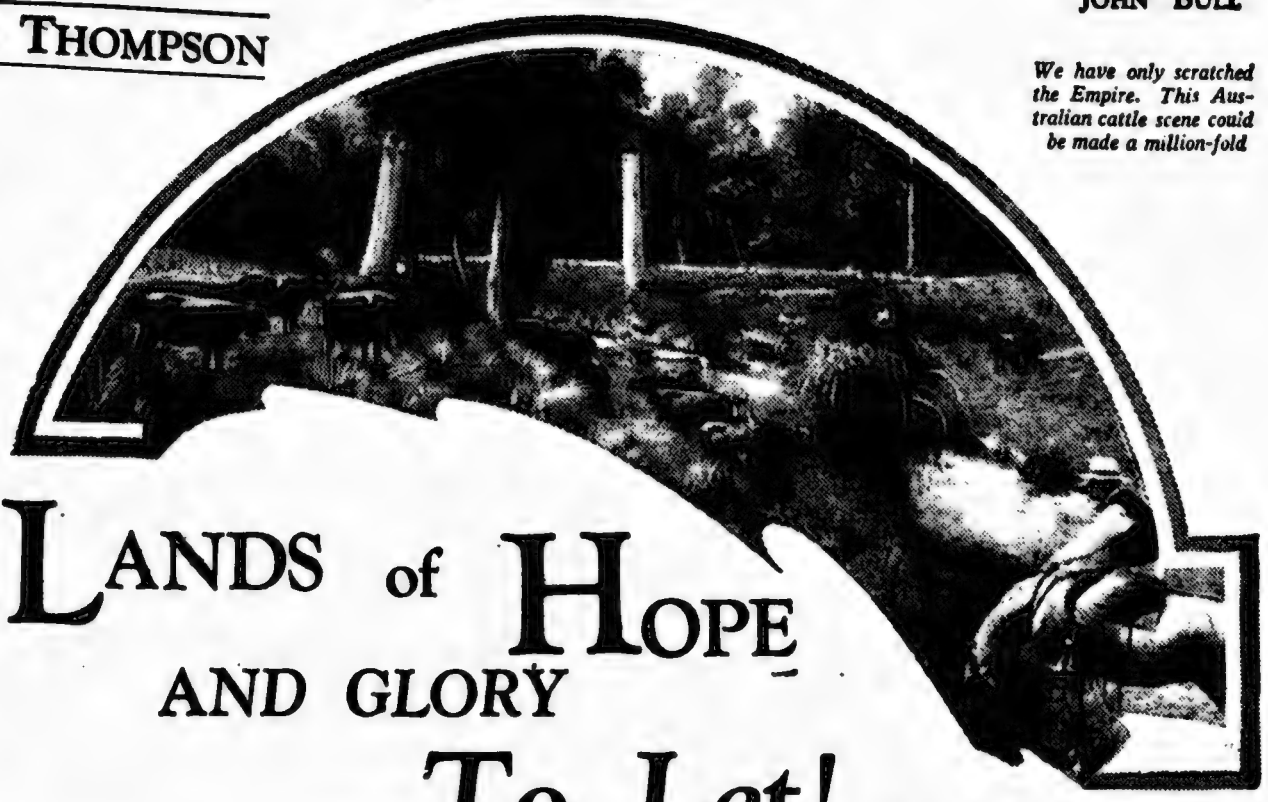
In the case of medicines and drugs we guarantee that if they are taken or applied according to the directions they will have no injurious effects.

Naturally this guarantee applies only to manufactured articles, but every care is taken to satisfy ourselves as to the bona-fides of all advertisements in "John Bull." Any complaint must reach us within one month from the appearance of the advertisement in "John Bull" and in the case of dispute the decision of our Managing Director shall be final.

ODHAMS PRESS LIMITED,
Proprietors of "John Bull."

TOFFEE SHARP'S FOR PERFECT FLAVOUR

by E. ROFFE THOMPSON



We have only scratched the Empire. This Australian cattle scene could be made a million-fold

LANDS of HOPE AND GLORY —To Let!

A SONG that is a "best seller" among politicians is that this country is over-populated and overcrowded. A sequel to the song is, naturally, that the cure for unemployment is emigration to the Dominions.

Apart from the fact that the Dominions might, and often do, turn round and say "Nobody asked you, sir, she said," there is something to be said for the idea if it could only be tackled imperially, with good will, good sense, foresight and real planning.

For it is a fact that, with an area of only 94,284 square miles, the United Kingdom has to support a population that the last census gave as 42,767,530, and this works out at 701 human beings to the square mile in England alone.

While this does not by any means imply that every square mile has 701 people living on it, it makes it clear that those who talk about overcrowding are not merely blowing off hot air.

Take, by contrast, Canada—still a practically undeveloped country. With an area of 3,684,723 miles, it has a population of 8,999,009, which works out at just over two to the square mile!

Canada, if the thing was properly handled, could take quite a lot of English families and hardly notice they had arrived.

Canada's coal reserves (not yet fully accessible) are exceeded only by those of the United States and China. She is second among the wheat-producing countries of the world, and in the business of exporting wheat she leads everybody.

Over 400,000 square miles of Canada carry merchantable timber, and an equal area is almost ready to be tackled afresh.

Makes mouths water

Oil has been discovered in the West, and vast new finds of minerals have been made in the mining areas.

The figures for production and commerce make one's mouth water.

And we are letting America get a bigger and bigger hold on Canada, for Canada is America's second-best foreign market, while the United States is the largest market for Canadian goods, taking no less than 38 per cent. of Canada's total exports.

It is a pity Mr. Thomas brought nothing more solid than pleasant memories from Canada, for the possibilities of that country are almost limitless.

Let us have a look at Australia. She has an unemployment problem of her own, but her area is 2,974,586 square miles and her population only 5,495,734—considerably less than London.

It works out at almost exactly two to the square mile.

If emigration could be handled wisely and well, Australia, too, would hardly notice the arrival of thousands of English families.

Nobody is in a position to estimate even vaguely what Australia's possibilities are. Her wealth, if the country was properly opened up and exploited, would be well-nigh illimitable.

The scale on which Australia can do things when she likes was shown in the planning of the Federal Capital Territory, an area of 940 square miles, set up between Sydney and Melbourne, seventy miles inland, but connected with a fine land-locked harbour at Jervis Bay.

In this territory a city planned on the finest modern lines has been designed, and Parliament and administrative buildings, as well as a number of dwelling and shopping centres, have been built.

Here, at Canberra, the Duke of York opened the first session of the Commonwealth Parliament on May 9, 1927—and £5,000,000 had been expended before that happened.

Australia plans to take 450,000 immigrants in the next ten years. If she took ten times that number the country would still not be exactly overcrowded.

Remember that her manufacturing industries have doubled the value of their products in the last fifteen years.

And it is essentially a country for new things. Few people know, for instance, of her cotton-growing abilities; but in 1926-7 no fewer than 18,800 acres were picked for 9,069,000 lb. of cotton.

Let us pass on to New Zealand—and before we go let us just remind ourselves that England has a population of 701 to the square mile.

New Zealand has an area of 103,862 square miles and a population of 1,407,165 people—which works out at just over thirteen to the square mile.

No rich—or poor!

We are not surprised that many of the unemployed are turning longing eyes to this most favoured Dominion.

Two-thirds of her area is tillable, and no less than two and a half million acres of Crown land are still open to settlement.

You could, if you went about it in the proper way, put a lot of people on two and a half million acres.

And listen to this: "There is no large wealthy class and none of the really poor in the Dominion; wealth is well distributed, and the purchasing power of the population unusually high, with high standards of living."

New Zealand sounds like the original Land of Hope and Glory.

Let us take another jump, this time to South Africa—and let us just recall once more that England has a population of 701 to the square mile.

The Union of South Africa—which comprises the Cape of Good Hope, Natal, the Orange Free State and the Transvaal—has an area of 472,347 square miles and a population of 6,928,580—or just over 14 to the square mile.

And there is Southern Rhodesia, with only six inhabitants to the square mile, and Northern Rhodesia with only four, and Kenya Colony with ten.

Experts claim that Kenya alone can grow enough cotton to make the British textile industry absolutely independent of the American supply.

With a climate as superb as that of California, its vast rolling plains, on which cotton and rubber and two crops a year of food staples can be grown, are practically unexploited.

Gold and grain

Englishmen can live in health in the Kenya uplands as nowhere else in Africa, and its possibilities defy imagination.

Mr. Thomas might have got more ideas if he had spent his holiday in Kenya instead of Canada.

Southern Rhodesia has a total of 48,000,000 acres out of 96,000,000 definitely reserved for European occupation, and they are by no means occupied yet. There are another 17,000,000 acres about with no decision has yet been reached.

It is rich in gold-reefs and minerals; but it is chiefly an agricultural goldmine and adapted to a degree for European settlers.

We used to be an adventurous race. It was this country that sought out the far places of the earth and made them habitable.

Are we losing our grip, and with it our proudest heritage and tradition? Are we so spoonfed by political pap that we are losing our verve and our "biff"?

We have an Empire to play with that transcends in its possibilities anything the world has ever seen.

The facts we have quoted here—and they are only indications—prove what we have got, if we only cared to exploit it to even a moderate degree.

Why don't we do it? Why don't the Empire statesmen get together and pull together to turn these Lands of Promise into golden realities?

That million

Only once in eight years have the unemployment figures of this country fallen below a million—and then only for a few short months.

That, taken in conjunction with the Empire's possibilities, is rather a staggering thing to think about.

Emigration, if it is any use at all, is an Empire job of the first order. It is no use tinkering with it in an insular way.

Mr. Thomas might do worse than read the facts we have gathered together here, and tackle a big job at the right end.

The Human Machine

THE CHOICE IS OURS

"IF a pig could give his mind to anything," said Charles Dickens, "he wouldn't be a pig."

That may seem a queer sort of remark with which to greet the New Year, but just think about it. And start by realising that the great difference between men and pigs is that men can give their minds to almost anything they like.

It is easy enough to go through life with your eyes on the ground, seeing nothing but the mess and litter of existence. Easy—but purposeless. It will never get you anywhere.

It will only end by dulling ambition and deadening sensibilities.

There is always a real danger that in the bustle and hurry of modern life materialism will swamp the beauty and the spiritual side of things. And unless we look ever upwards, and strive continually to grasp the highest and the best, we are not much better than the pig.

The old alchemists sought in vain for the key that would enable them to transmute the base into the precious metals. They never gave a thought to the magic power of men's minds which can transform ugliness into beauty whenever it chooses.

But it must choose. It is only man who has this divine power of deliberate choice, and how often do we fail to exercise it for the best!

Thought is the world's greatest power. It can evoke evil—or it can create good. And we—and we alone—can choose what our thought will do.

A New Year! A new opportunity for new thought, new viewpoints and new endeavour—new crossroads and a new choice.

Before another twelve months are gone we can, if we choose, create a new world.

PLAYER'S "DIGGER" FLAKE

also

DIGGER HONEY DEW
DIGGER CUT PLUG
DIGGER MIXTURE
DIGGER SHAG

7½d. PER OUNCE

3¾d. PER HALF OUNCE

The Largest Sale of any Empire Grown Tobacco

JOHN BULL'S SENSATIONAL GIFT TO YOU

EXTENDED 15 DAYS

Another opportunity to share in "John Bull's" Great Gift Offer! Take advantage of this great concession to-day.

One Shilling
Gift Voucher
This Gift Voucher will be accepted as One Shilling in part payment of either the "John Bull" Lever Filler 5/- Pen (guaranteed for 5 years) or the "John Bull" Junior 3/6 Pen (guaranteed for two years). Only one Voucher will be accepted in part payment for each pen. Available only until January 31.
Pen and Pencil are packed in a dazzling golden box.

Offer No. 1

(1) **7/6 GILLETTE "MAYFAIR" DE LUXE PRESENTATION SET**, containing a genuine gold-plated Gillette Razor, complete with blade in handsome case.

(2) **2/6 HANDSOME SILVER-PLATED "EVER-POINTED" PENCIL**, complete with extra leads.

(3) **A SHILLING GIFT VOUCHER** (see above) accepted in part payment of the famous 5/- "John Bull" Lever-filler Pen, fitted with 14-ct. Solid Gold Nib, iridium tipped, guaranteed for 5 years, acknowledged to be worth 15/-.

For this magnificent Three-fold Gift Package you need only send 4/-, plus 6d. to cover postage and insurance.

JOHN BULL'S GIFT COUPON.

To "JOHN BULL" PEN DEPT., 35, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

Please send me your three-fold Gift Package as follows:—

(CROSS OUT PACKAGE NOT REQUIRED.)

Gift Package No. 1, consisting of the famous 5/- "John Bull" Pen; the Free 2/6 silver-plated "Ever-Pointed" Pencil, and the Free Presentation Razor Set. Please accept Gift Voucher as One Shilling in part payment of the Pen. I enclose Postal Order for Four Shillings, plus sixpence to cover Postage, Packing and Insurance, 4/6 in all.

Gift Package No. 2, consisting of the popular 3/6 "John Bull" Junior Pen; the Free "Ever-pointed" Nickel-Plated Pencil, and the Free Presentation Razor Set. Please accept Gift Voucher as One Shilling in part payment of the Pen. I enclose postal order for 2/6, plus 6d. to cover Postage, Packing, and Insurance, 3/- in all.

NAME .....

ADDRESS .....

Pocket Clip and Tube of Pencil Refills 6d. extra. Fine, Medium or Broad nib (cross out grades not required).

Your name engraved in gold on Pen 6d. extra. Write in CAPITALS name or initials desired.

Cross cheque/p.o. " / & Co. / " and make payable to "John Bull." J.B., 28/12/29.

Offer No. 2

(1) **A GILLETTE "MAYFAIR" DE LUXE GOLD-PLATED RAZOR** (as above).

(2) **A NICKEL-PLATED "EVER-POINTED" PENCIL** (as above).

(3) **A SHILLING GIFT VOUCHER** accepted in part payment of the 3/6 "John Bull" Junior Lever Filler Pen, fitted with 14-ct. Solid Gold Nib, iridium tipped, guaranteed for 2 years.

For this magnificent Three-fold Gift Package you need only send 3/6, plus 6d. to cover postage and insurance.

Decide NOW which Three-fold Gift you will accept. Cut out Gift Voucher, attach to Coupon opposite and post to-day.

What Hope for Little Jack?

Without Fear or Favour

—And now for ANOTHER TUSSLE

ANOTHER year is in front of us, another brief measure of our progress—brief enough for all as a great people whose imprint is deep on history, briefer still for each as an inconspicuous and fleeting unit.

It is not our function as a matter-of-fact newspaper to moralise, but we may at least take stock.

In our considered opinion, there is every reason for optimism in industry. Mr. A. G. Gardiner shows why on another page.

Mines, markets and shipyards are awakening, if not to a boom period, at least to brighter prospects than for many a year—granting, always, peace on the home front.

Peace we must have, industrial and political. Candidly, we see danger in this latter connection. An election is not so remote as may appear.

The Conservative Party does not want to go to the country. It would be bad strategy to force an issue before Labour has had its chance.

But needs must when the Chancellor drives, and if Mr. Snowden budgets for a land-tax, as is very probable, the Opposition will be bound to fight at the bidding of its most powerful interest.

Whether the solid adverse Conservative vote would spell defeat for the Government would depend on Mr. MacDonald's success in manœuvring Liberal opinion on to his side.

Many business men, who love stable conditions more than they hate his politics, will pray that he succeeds.

STRIKES in 1930 there need not be. In no great industry can we see the makings of a bad break between master and man. Discontent is rife, as it must always be while the stupid prophets of the low-wage school remain in control of so many of our workshops.

Yet even among these there are symptoms of a gleam of reason. A bad paying employer these days is not only an enemy of society: he knows he is.

Abroad, what are the prospects? More men under arms than ever; the sinister machines of war greater in their efficiency and more menacing in their power than in any year of the world's history.

This is a hard fact that we must take hold of. Behind all Governments work the economic forces that blindly set the war-machines in motion.

Insensate they are, and, unchecked, as liable as fifteen years ago to plunge the world into chaos.

Only one thing can stop the drift to war. Not the Governments, for they speak at the bidding of the economic forces. Not the diplomats, for they obey the dictates of the Governments.

Only an enlightened world public opinion, that is no longer subject to the mob passions of international hate.

Is that a dream? At least, our prayer for 1930 may be: "Let there be light."

* * *

Graft in the Councils

NO—this is not a plea to set up a Royal Commission of Enquiry. We are sick of commissions and committees whose findings lead to nothing. It is a strong move to tackle the graft and bribery that goes on in local councils and boards of guardians—without monumental expense to the public.

From time to time there are minor convictions here and there, but the major criminals escape.

Blackpool has with commendable courage enquired into irregularities in one of its departments, and has framed some regulations which aim at preventing jobbery.

But it is not sufficient to make a gesture of this sort, and merely say we will have no more bribery, no more hob-nobbing between contractors and corporation employees, no more councillors with interests in contracts.

Exposures of the bigger interests behind the scenes will provide the warning and the remedy.

We can never seem to pin offences on to the real criminals. Always the insignificant grafter is offered as a sacrifice.

Here at least is one remedy. JOHN BULL offers its services in the exposure of this shameful and insidious system of corruption.

Information is always difficult to obtain, for obvious reasons, and we invite those who have any to communicate with us, supplying substantial and reliable facts.

The Little Wet Hens

SOME dynamic force from the people themselves is needed to shake our administrators and officials out of their long sleep.

Failing that, only a great national calamity, far transcending that of the Thames banks in January, 1928, or the recent miseries of the Rhondda Valley, will drive our "wait-and-see" politicians to make proper provision against flood ravages.

It is amazing to think that while we can work wonders in our far Dominions by flinging great dams and bridges across vast waterways, beside which the Thames and Severn are mere ditches, we potter along in our own homeland with a sandbag or two and a bit of concrete to meet immediate emergencies.

"Yes, yes; we know it ought to be done," say our little wet hens in office, and then they flutter around helplessly until the floods—and the opportunist daily Press—have subsided.

Afterwards they make a feeble gesture to "do something"; but someone intervenes and indicates that a few odd millions are needed for this and that, "earmarked, you know, years back," and the whole thing is buried.

One of the most astounding confessions of this sort of spineless ineptitude comes from the London County Council, that body which proudly pretends to set a shining example before the lesser fry of municipalities.

MR. P. H. REED, chairman of the Main Drainage Committee, has stated that: "No action by the London County Council can ensure absolute immunity from flooding in London during exceptionally high tides."

That is the general attitude. Yet we have abundant proof in the existing works of man that provision can be made against repeated outbursts of the elements.

We say without hesitation that the floods in the Rhondda Valley and some other parts of the country could be prevented if there were no bogies of greed, callousness and lassitude.

Countless heartrending cases of family distress are reflected in the claims which are made on our Insurance Department. Yet all those miseries are preventable.

Let the New Year show some true public spirit in this as in other basic reforms for which the people cry out.

Sir Eric Geddes, with wide influence in the rubber industry, is one who holds the key to peace

In the great industrial Saar Valley—the Germans long to return to their own rule

Trade Winds

Blowing Up for WAR

He is King of Jugo Slavia, but Italy looks on his land with hungry eyes

HOW many of those who took part in that great conflict realised the root causes of the war in which they fought? Was it caused merely through the malignant jealousy or egotism of a half-crazed Kaiser? Some think so, but they are wrong.

The Kaiser, all historians now admit, only reflected the growing and urgent need of Germany for industrial expansion—its need for new markets, territories, lands rich in raw materials.

An exhaustive study of the economic equipment and needs of the various great Powers has enabled us to trace certain main, definite lines along which international trade rivalry is now proceeding.

We are not scaremongers. We do not believe there will be another world-war in the near future.

But we recognise that gigantic interests and forces are at work in the world; and that at any moment their conflict may embroil the great nations in a war waged for the sake of trade objectives.

There is the germ of war in the present distribution of the great sources of raw materials—oil, coal, iron and rubber.

We are all familiar with the oil war which has been raging with intensity since the Armistice, as it raged before. We read in our newspapers of the struggle which was waged between the two giants: Shell and Standard Oil, with their respective subsidiaries.

A peace has been patched up between the two main groups; but who knows how long that will last?

You see, a peace between two competing producers usually means an arrangement on each side to restrict production and to check the headlong competition.

But it is a fact that, just as soon as restriction is employed in certain fields, prices will advance, however slightly; and then other fields are rapidly developed to weigh in with their products.

However bad the effect on prices an international oil agreement may be, it cannot be disputed that the more binding the agreement is the less chance is there of oil rivalries affecting the world's military situation.

Only a year ago we had the example of an oil war in India when the Asiatic Petroleum Company (a subsidiary of the Royal Dutch) accused Standard Oil of dumping at low prices.

A storm developed in India over this which happily did not have grave international repercussions.

Then, again, there is the friction in the Near East. For two or three years there has been bickering regarding the claim of American interests to participate in the Turkish Petroleum Company, which holds the Mosul oil concession.

Beneath the surface

At last the solution appears to have been reached: the American participation has been recognised.

And we must not forget another factor in the fight which goes on beneath the surface in Mosul and Irak. It is the French interests.

They hold an advantage somewhat resembling that of the Liberal Party in the present House of Commons. With whichever side they go, it can dominate the other.

The situation, then, in the Near East, is delicate.

Can war come from this? Can oil breed war? It may not be probable, but it is possible. A revolution in Mexico might, at any moment, bring in a new Government which would show partiality to one oil group as against another. A change in the Government of Roumania might have a similar effect.

Britain and France are irreconcilable rivals in the Near East. It would require very little—the revolt of some Arab tribes or a crisis in Anglo-Egyptian relations—to turn this rivalry to open hostility.

Hungry Italy

Coal has been dealt a blow or two by the use of oil as fuel, but it is still one of the most important materials for industry, vitally necessary to the economic life of every country.

Italy is a case in point. She has absolutely no coal. Fascist enthusiasm is not enough: Signor Mussolini has said, "Battleships cannot get up steam on songs!"

But, in the case of Italy, there is another urge which is forcing her to become an imperialistic State. She must have an outlet for her surplus population.

Before the new American quota law, she sent large numbers of emigrants to the United States. Now some of these have been diverted to the Argentine; but this is not sufficient.

Mussolini looks longingly across the Adriatic towards the broad, thinly populated lands of Yugo-Slavia, with its great industrial potentialities, as yet hardly touched.

But France is a country which also seeks to wield a strong influence over Yugo-Slavia. France has colonies in North Africa; and Mussolini has openly expressed aspirations towards conquest in that area.

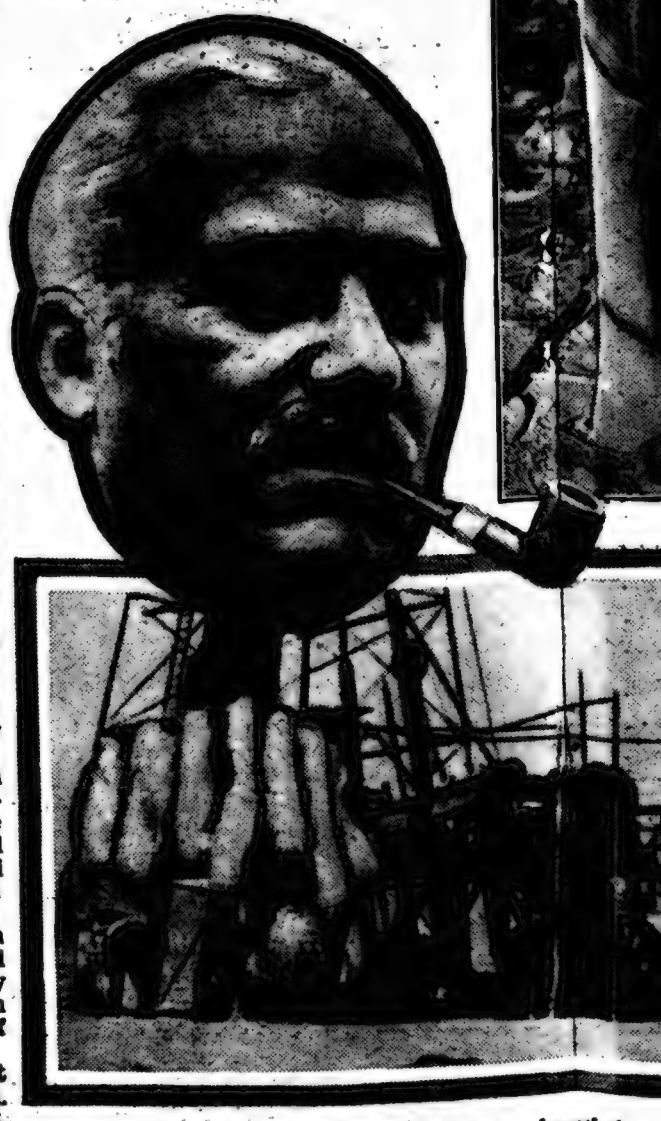
Hence the constant irritation manifested between Italy and France. Hence the extraordinary number of troops one may see in the mountain and coast towns of the Franco-Italian frontier.

The basis of France's present industrial growth is iron and steel. This is a post-war development, for, since the war, France controls the entire great iron field of Lorraine. Before the war, Germany took 75 per cent. of the Lorraine output; now France gets it all.

Paris newspaper correspondents will tell you—even if they don't

Tapping a tree: "We get much rubber from the Malay States"

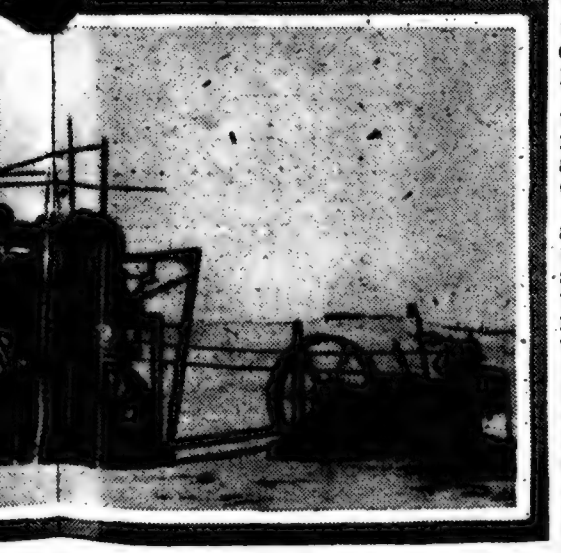
Sir Henry Deterding helped to patch up a temporary oil peace



A desert oil-driller: "The fight goes on beneath the su

France is working feverishly behind Poland—Polish machine-gunners in action

Polish women in the coalfield are soldiers in this industrial war



...n beneath the surface in Mosul and Irak"

send it to their papers—that the iron and steel kings of France, the Comité des Forges, control French foreign policy.

During the French occupation of the Ruhr, French iron was carried there to be smelted. Don't forget it is cheaper to carry iron to coal!

Between the Lorraine and the Ruhr, the Germans had built plenty of railways and canals. The Ruhr is the obvious place for smelting French ore.

But now the French have withdrawn. What is to be done? Have you not noted the recent improved relations between the French and the Germans?

Is the new French policy one of winning over Germany to the position of an industrially strong, but militarily helpless ally or vassal of France?

What of us?

That may make for peace between France and Germany in the future; but will it make for peace between France and Great Britain?

The war of steel and iron, then, is also the war of coal. And here Britain enters with increased vigour. The Polish mines are flinging cheap coal upon the market; Polish coal is subsidised, and miners are paid far less than British miners.

This, of course, does not mean that we must further decrease the wages of our miners; but it does mean an advance along the lines of amalgamation and more efficient production.

There are some who suspect that the plan of the present Government, for some form of compulsory amalgamation of the coal industry, smacks of "Socialism."

But it may be that this reorganisation of our coal industry, on a much broader basis, will really assist that dreadful thing "Capitalism" by enabling British coal more effectively to enter into the world-struggle for export markets.

Then there is rubber. Rubber in the Congo, under French control; rubber in Brazil; and this is the rubber which mainly supplies the United States.

Mr. Ford needs rubber for his automobiles—and plenty of it. If he can't get all he wants in Brazil he will look to some other source. But, first, he is interested in getting a stranglehold on Brazilian production.

We also want Brazilian rubber, although we get much more from the Malay States and from the Dutch East Indies.

Will there ever be trouble between Mr. Ford and the great European consumers of rubber? You know, it's dangerous for big fellows like these to fall out.

These interests are powerful in the land, and they have weight in the foreign Ministries and Chancelleries of the world.

The smaller States

He is indeed unobservant who thinks that the world is, politically, a collection of numerous independent Powers.

The world war has left certain great dominant nations in positions of power, around each of which are huddled various little countries—colonies, protectorates, mandated territories, "allies."

First of these is the British Empire, with its dominions and possessions; here we may as well take into account Mesopotamia, Egypt and the Sudan.

Then there are the smaller countries—such as Portugal, some of the Baltic States, the Argentine, and so on. Most of these have a wealth of certain raw materials.

Secondly, we have America, a rising Power, emerging, since the war, into the position of a nation definitely seeking expansion. Not only does she possess her own vast native territories, but her influence extends over Mexico and Central America and the Caribbean.

And it is creeping down from Central to South America, where American business finds itself in bitter conflict with European commerce and finance.

As America becomes more powerful in China, she comes up against the opposition of other Powers seeking mastery over the coal and iron—and, perhaps, oil—which are to be won from the earth.

Coming Clash?

Then, besides France and Great Britain, there are the Japanese to be reckoned with in China.

Will the young, growing imperialism of Japan clash with the forward march of the United States, and with the entrenched influence in the East of this country and of France?

And what of Russia, China's next-door neighbour?

The third great Power is France, with its vast African possessions and its little friendly attendant States: Belgium, Poland, and others.

France has now become a giant industrial Power, thanks to its new iron resources.

In all these lands, which are striving for raw materials and markets, there are hundreds of thousands of men under arms, or capable of being rapidly mobilised.

There are warships and warplanes, guns and munitions—and the sullen, obstinate struggle goes on for the lands of iron and coal and rubber and cotton; for the places whence come the materials which their factories convert into goods for the markets of the world.

Shall it come to war? No one can say.

What is to be done? We can suggest no immediate panacea—no fool-proof plan for everlasting peace.

One is forced to feel that, amidst the struggle of mighty economic forces, which dictate policies to foreign Ministries and to Ambassadors, a purely idealistic peace movement is helpless and useless; in fact, it may be dangerous, because it inspires hopes which are unjustified.

That other war

The masters of iron and steel, of coal and cotton and rubber, and of chemicals, must be made to realise that, in the long run, they will gain nothing by war.

A victory may increase the holdings of some, through the ruin of others; but then the struggle starts again; and the victors may be the next to lose.

The Cenotaph which stands straight and white and clean against a London sky must be the last monument to lives lost on a blood-stained field.

War between nations is not the only conflict, nor the most worthy or glorious.

Let our energies and fighting spirit be released in the war against disease; against ignorance—advancing ever the fighting outposts of science and health and knowledge against the dark forces which may have been driven backward, but even in this comparatively enlightened age, are not yet defeated.

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THE UNREMEMBERED YEARS

THE whole point of this story is that it is true. I have it direct from Darrell Baines himself. As a pianist, he has a bigger reputation in America than over here, and he is not known to the world under this name; but that is immaterial.

He came to London from the provinces twenty years ago, at the age of eighteen, to study music. At the sedate South Kensington boarding-house where his family had arranged for him to stay he met Rosa Gray.

She is a faded little woman, who gives music lessons to suburban children at a guinea a quarter now, to earn a little "pin-money" to supplement the meagre income of her schoolteacher husband.

But at the time Darrell met her, before she had married her schoolteacher, Harry Graves, she was a pretty, vivid thing, with masses of bright, red-brown hair, and alive, eager eyes.

ROSA was having her voice trained, and everyone thought she had a "career." Not a brilliant career such as everyone expected of young Baines, it is true, but, nevertheless, some sort of chance of making good; and at that time any sort of career for a woman was very unusual and therefore highly interesting.

Graves was in love with her even then, and yearning to marry her; but Rosa was already wedded to the idea of a career as a singer—she had visions of herself singing at the Queen's Hall—until she set eyes on Darrell, and then she had dreams of a brilliant future for them both together.

Perhaps they would have married had not Darrell had his chance to go to America as the protégé of one of the greatest pianists of the day.

Rosa was as excited about this as he was himself. She appreciated every whit as fully as he that he had the chance of a lifetime, such as does not come to one in a thousand.

She loved him far too much to be jealous of him. But his luck went to Darrell's head. It was not that he deliberately finished with Rosa, but that he simply could not think of her for thinking of his future. And thinking of his future in terms of his career, she simply did not come into it.

He went to America, full of his dreams and ambitions. At first he wrote to the little singer, pouring out his eagerness to her; then the new life caught him up and he wrote less.

It bored him when Rosa questioned and questioned as to whether he did not still love her. He had other things than love to think about. He was tasting the first-fruits of success.

Rosa seemed very far away, and colourless beside the lovely ladies of the new world in which he moved, and in which he was greeted with adulation on all sides as a boy-genius.

THE figure of Rosa dwindled, until she was a mere shadow in a life he had lived long ago. In time he ceased to reply to her pathetic little letters. But she kept all that he had ever written to her.

Things did not go well with Rosa. Her voice was thin, and she got only third-rate engagements and very little money. She turned to the patiently waiting, humbly adoring Harry Graves as to a refuge.

There was nothing romantic about Harry; but he was kind, and there was no one else, and she had long ago abandoned her girlish dream of being a great singer. She married him for a home and security, and because she was lonely and tired and disheartened, and with Darrell's fading out of her life, romance was finished for her.

* * *

Darrell stayed in America, gave recitals and was lionised, and settled down into being an established celebrity when he was too old to be regarded any longer as a boy-genius. He had almost forgotten that there had ever been such a person as Rosa Gray when he received that telephone-call which brought the strange thing to pass.

"He stumbled to his feet, foolishly, abashed, utterly bewildered . . ."

He was resting, after an afternoon recital, in the sitting-room of his luxurious suite in the expensive New York hotel in which he permanently lived, when the telephone-bell rang. His valet was out and he was forced to answer it himself.

The voice which came to him over the wire startled him. Incredible that it should be Rosa Gray in New York City! . . . The voice said:

"Are you the great Darrell Baines?"

He said brusquely that he was, and heard a soft, familiar laugh.

"D'you know who I am?"

To that he answered: "Your voice is exactly that of a woman I knew about twenty years ago."

She laughed again. "May I come and see you?"

Taken by surprise, bewildered by the thought of Rosa, he said that he had a dinner appointment, but that if she came right away he could give her half an hour. She said that she would come at once, and rang off.

It was not until then that he realised that he did not know whom he was going to see. There might be hundreds of women with voices like Rosa's!

AND if it was Rosa herself—he was not sure that he wanted to see her—she would be thirty-eight, he remembered, for she had been about his own age, and he liked young women. What one had loved at eighteen one couldn't be expected to love twenty years later.

He was full of apprehensions when at last the door-bell rang and he rose to let in the visitor.

It seemed to him absurd—so he told me, when recounting the story—that he, the great Darrell Baines, should be receiving a woman whom he had never seen, and whose name he did not know, merely because she had had the impertinence to ring him up and had a voice like a woman he had known twenty years ago.

He opened the door, and then stood for a moment stunned—the girl who stood there was Rosa exactly as he had last seen her—bright hair, fresh, natural colouring, simple little dark dress with the Quaker collar and cuffs.

It was the year when women both here and in America were reverting to ankle-length dresses.

SHE stood there smiling at him. "Rosa!" he exclaimed, and then suddenly realised the stark impossibility of it. This was a girl; Rosa Gray would be nearly forty. . . . He stepped back for her to enter the room. She looked up at him, her eyes alight with amusement.

"You're much fatter," she said, in the direct, uncompromising manner of modern youth.

"Who are you?" he demanded, utterly bewildered.

She laughed outright at that. "My mother's daughter! She was Rosa Gray. I am Monica Graves. Mother sent you her love."

She sat down without being asked, and regarded him drolly. He seated himself opposite her.

"I knew your mother twenty years ago, in England," he said heavily.

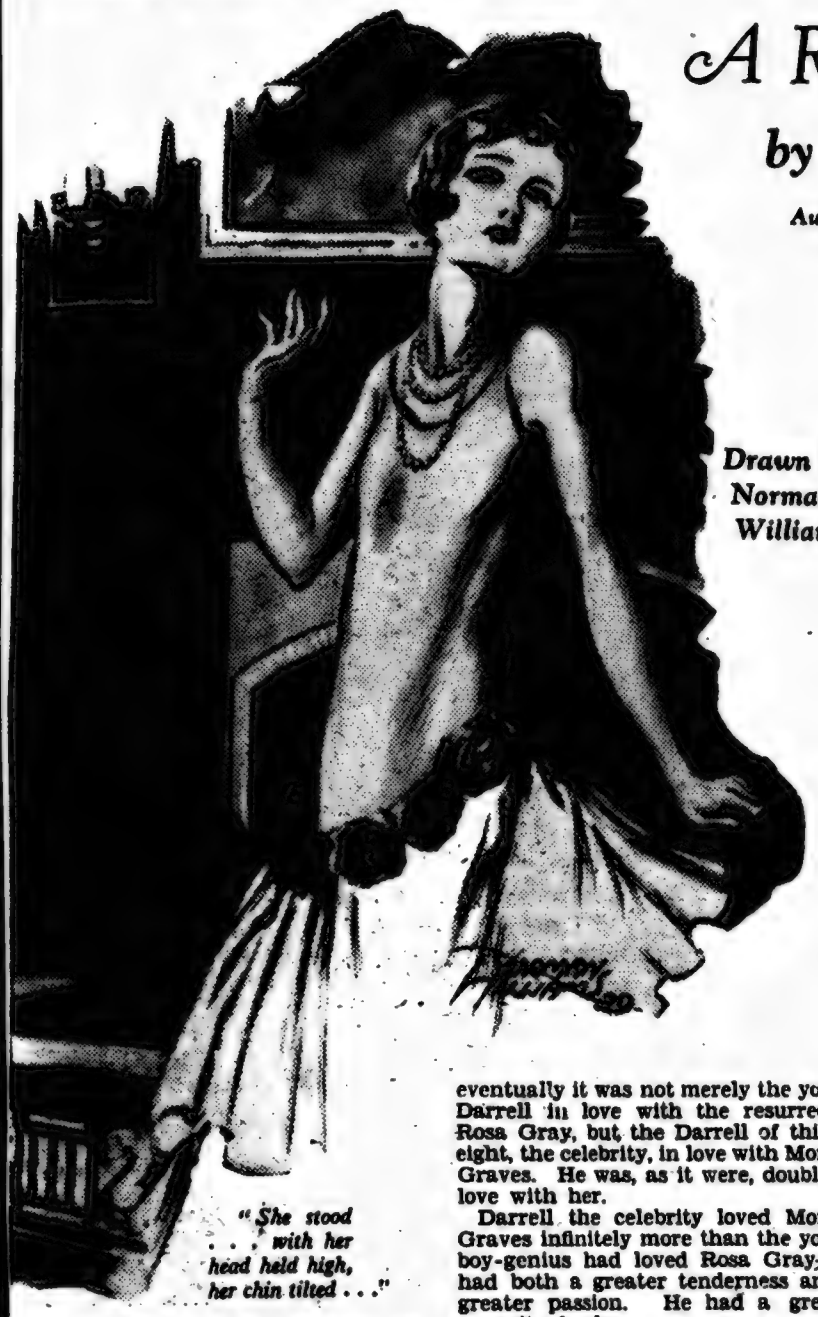
"I know that!" she laughed. "Well, I ought to, considering I was brought up on you, as you might say. I've heard so much about you that I felt I knew you from the time I was about ten years old.

"You're not much like the picture mother has of you—but then, of course, people change in twenty years, don't they? Mother says I am exactly like what she was, twenty years ago. If

A Real Life Story

by ETHEL MANNIN

Author of "Crescendo," "Green Willow," etc.



Drawn by Norman Williams

"She stood . . . with her head held high, her chin tilted . . ."

that's so, then you wouldn't know her now, poor dear.

"When I came to America—I'm *en route* to Hollywood; got a job on the movies, you know—mother said to be sure and look you up.

"Well, I saw a poster outside a place in Fifth Avenue advertising a recital, so I rang up the hall, and after a lot of persuasion they finally told me where you were staying. I simply had to ring you up. I felt I knew you, do you see?"

She smiled her engaging smile, so like the smile of the young Rosa Gray. Darrell told me that the interview completely shattered him.

All his success fell away from him and he was the young Darrell of the South Kensington boarding-house, in love with the little red-haired singer with the gay, laughing mouth.

A sort of enchantment, he told me, descended upon him. "You must explain that," he said, "if you write the story. Explain how the curtain of the past was drawn back so that twenty years ago was like yesterday, and I was young and eager and in love again."

ONE sees how it was that he had to see this girl again. She had a few days to spare before going to Hollywood, and the young Darrell that still lived on in him was ardently in love with her—with the Rosa Gray that lived on in this girl, that is.

He was free the following afternoon and they lunched together and drove out into the beautiful countryside beyond New York city, and dined at a road-house, romantic with shaded lights, a jazz-band, and Prohibition champagne.

He was delighted that, for all her modernity, she would not drink—she had the same sort of simplicity which he had loved in her mother.

They continued to meet, and the image of the girl grew in Darrell's imagination to such an extent that eventually it was not merely the young Darrell in love with the resurrected Rosa Gray, but the Darrell of thirty-eight, the celebrity, in love with Monica Graves. He was, as it were, doubly in love with her.

Darrell the celebrity loved Monica Graves infinitely more than the young boy-genius had loved Rosa Gray—he had both a greater tenderness and a greater passion. He had a greater capacity for love.

He was, so one gathered, as Browning has it, "eaten out and in, with the eyes of her, the hair of her, the nose, the little chin."

The resurrected boy in him loved the resurrected Rosa in her, and the mature man in him loved her for her own adorable self—that self which was so akin to the young Rosa, yet which had so much more depth.

He reached that point at which the thought of her passing out of his life as her mother had done became a sort of nightmare. He had only known Monica Graves a few days, but it was as though he had known her for twenty years. She was, he felt, merely the continuation of his romance with her mother.

He told her so the night before she was due to leave for Hollywood. They had dined together and came back to his suite for a little while before he took her to the women's club where she was staying.

He said to her: "It's unthinkable that you should go on to Hollywood, and all this which we've built up in a few days close like a mere incident. I can't bear it."

She replied flippantly, modernly, flicking ash from her cigarette, "Life *is* like that!"

He tried to explain. "But I love you," he said. "You must surely realise that?"

And having blurted that out, he told me, he got up and went over to her and knelt before her and took her hands. "I love you," he repeated, "I want to marry you. Will you have me?" He was the great Darrell Baines, kneeling to a woman and asking a favour of her.

One has to know the man's arrogance to perceive the immensity of this humility.

But Monica's young mouth tightened and her eyes were hard. Darrell told me that it was dreadful to see the hardness chasing the soft gaiety from that young face—like a cloud coming across the sun, he said it was.

"No," she said passionately, "not if you were the last man left on earth!" And then she had torn her hands away from his and had jumped up.

HE stumbled to his feet, foolishly, abashed, utterly bewildered. She had always been so sweet and gentle, responsive to his tenderness and his unconcealed admiration of her attractiveness. It was for him precisely as though she had slapped his face.

She stood with her back to the fireplace, her head held high, her chin tilted, the eyes which he had always seen so soft—so like Rosa's—flashing sparks of anger.

"My mother worshipped you," she said stormily, "and you went off and left her without a word. She wrote to you and you never answered—for all you had said you loved her, and for all the dreams you dreamed together.

"Oh, I know all about it. Mother has talked about you endlessly. Scarcely a day has passed ever since I can remember but what she's talked of you—that was how much she loved you.

"And you never gave her another thought once you'd gone to America and begun to get on, and she just went on eating her heart out.

"IF you were to see her now you wouldn't want to know her—because she's faded and tired, with no looks or youth. I came here deliberately—because of mother.

"I *wanted* you to fall in love with me. I meant you to. I wanted you to suffer as she did. You didn't care how she felt—well, I don't care how you feel, except that I hope I've hurt you as much as you hurt her."

And with that she snatched up her evening cloak from the armchair where she had flung it when she came in, and rushed out.

Darrell was too dazed to stop her. He heard the slam of a door, and still, so he told me, did not realise that she had gone.

He telephoned her first thing in the morning, hoping to catch her before she had left for Hollywood; but either she refused to answer the 'phone or she had, as they told him, gone. He wrote, marking the letter to be forwarded.

But he never heard from her or saw her again. He made no attempt to trace her—he knew it would be useless. She had come into his life for the express purpose of avenging her mother.

* * *

He told me: "I know now what it feels like not to be able to forget. I suppose if you wrote it into a story nobody would believe it was true; but, as Monica herself said, 'Life *is* like that!'"

Next Week:

"The Passing of Ethel"

by K. R. G. BROWNE

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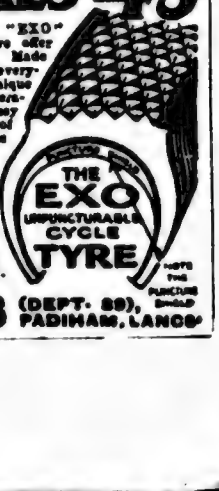

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38, Great Ormond Street, London, W.C.1.

NO HOUSEHOLD SHOULD BE WITHOUT
A BOTTLE OF
DR. WHITE'S
KOMPO FOR COLDS
THE UNIVERSAL REMEDY
FOR
Colds, Influenza, Sore Throats, etc.
Sold by all Chemists & Stores, in bottles, 1/3 and 3/-
J. F. WHITE & CO. Chemists, Leeds.

Our Great YEAR

"John Bull" had a bumper year in public work. He submits his record with confidence

OUR readers, who are also our friends, will be delighted and interested to know that the year just ended goes down in our history as the most wonderful of our long existence.

It will be recollected that, early in the year, when we publicly declared our intention of launching a bigger and a better JOHN BULL, we said that we wanted to go forward and that we would go forward.

Our prophecy has been fulfilled beyond all expectation. We have gone forward with a giant stride.

Our latest available circulation figures announce that we are now topping a gigantic sale of over 1,300,000 copies weekly.

Fight for good

Many periodicals, no doubt, would be content to accept this remarkable fact as a complete testimony to increasing success and popularity; but we look further.

We have our bond with the public to honour as the only independent organ existing in British journalism, the true voice of the people, the friend and guardian of the defenceless.

What, then, is our record in those comparatively unspectacular tasks which form such an important part of our avowed policy of searching out and exposing all forms of social, legal, political and economic wrongs?

We submit our record with confidence.

In the first place, we shall deal with the work of our well-known Investigation Department, which is under the direction of Major-General Sir Wyndham Childs, K.C.M.G.

One of the biggest sensations of the year was undoubtedly the collapse of the various Blue Bird companies.

This ramp was first exclusively exposed in JOHN BULL, and had official action been taken, the flight of Francis Lorang to the Continent would have been prevented.

We were also in the forefront with our exposures of international drug traffic and the flotation of shady companies. In regard to the latter we exposed, in three months alone, schemes involving £15,000,000 capital.

As a result of our vigilance, thousands of JOHN BULL readers have been saved from sinking their hard-earned savings in swindles.

And not alone through exposures published weekly has the investigation performed its task: countless readers were warned through the post and by personal interview, and many are the letters of gratitude that have come to us as a consequence.

The department brought numerous rogues to justice, and something like five hundred cases were dealt with in the course of the year.

Our Legal Department has during the past year replied to upwards of 17,000 letters from readers, covering enquiries relating to Workmen's Compensation Act, General Accident, Sale and Purchase, Hire-Purchase, Landlord and Tenant (including Rent Restriction Act), Wills and Intestacy, Master and Servant, Husband and Wife (Separation — Maintenance — Divorce), Parents and Children, Adoption, Legitimisation, and a host of other subjects.

The work of our Industrial Assurance Bureau has broken all records. Some 15,000 letters have been received from policy-holders who have been victimised and 12,500 replies given.

It is impossible to aggregate the total sum of money involved; but it runs into many thousands.

Over 550 cases were placed before the Industrial Assurance Commissioner in the form of disputes and appeals, and about 1,000 affidavits were drafted to ensure justice being done.

Our representative attended court on 120 occasions to place cases before the Commissioner.

As a direct consequence of the work of this department, the late Government introduced a Bill, the Industrial Assurance and Friendly Societies Act, 1929, which was passed into law on May 9 last.

Child insurance

This Act gave certain rights to holders of lapsed policies which would be the means of restoring to people hundreds of thousands of pounds which have been collected on endowment policies on the lives of young children.

Benefits in one form or another have been secured for between 800 and 900 families.

In its relentless campaign to secure justice for ex-Service men and their dependents, our Pensions Department has continued to meet with some remarkable successes, as a result of which pensioners will benefit to the extent of at least £18,000 in the long run.

Arrears of pensions have been obtained in many cases after attempts by ex-Service organisations and others have failed.

Old Age and Widows' Pensions have also not been forgotten, and claims which have been under consideration for many months were promptly settled by our intervention.

The department has dealt with some 10,000 enquiries in the course of the year.

Another branch of JOHN BULL service, "The Greatest of These . . ." Fund, has carried out a wonderful year's work, thanks to the generosity of our readers.

The fund has given help in 920 cases, in many instances saving the homes of families.

It has despatched about 500 parcels of clothing and distributed forty letters to the Royal Surgical Aid Society.

A gift of £100 from "The Angel of S.W.6" was administered, and enabled twenty families to spend a happy holiday at the seaside last summer.

Grants last year exceeded subscriptions by £358 odd, a fact to be noted by kindly subscribers.

The total amount paid under the JOHN BULL Insurance Scheme amounted to £48,517, and over 1,000 applications are being dealt with in connection with the recent floods. Included in total payments were the following benefits:

Accidents in the Home	£14,870
Children's Accidents since the commencement of this benefit on January 31, 1929	£2,896
Sickness Benefits	£6,269
Damage to household furniture by fire, flood, lightning, boiler explosions and burst pipes	£23,421

Throughout the year, many famous people in all walks of life contributed to JOHN BULL on various subjects.

Among those who responded to our request were the present Prime Minister, Admiral of the Fleet Lord Beatty, Mr. Lloyd George, Mr. Winston Churchill, the Bishop of London, Lord Allenby, Sir William Morris, Lord Brentford, and many others too numerous to mention.

Finally, we come to JOHN BULL'S Competition Department. This has easily broken all previous records in regard to entries and prizes.

Our famous "Bullets" contest, now in its eighteenth year, has gone from strength to strength, and prize-lists have swollen to record dimensions.

The amount of "Bullets" prize-money for 1929 reached the astounding total of over £45,000—a world's record.

The outstanding event of the year was the introduction of Bullets Pension Prizes. As the result of it, Mr. S. H. Garner, of Bradford, and Mr. T. Armer, of Liverpool, are settled in life with pensions of £8 and £5 a week respectively.

We serve

The establishment of the JOHN BULL Crossword Competition in February, 1929, was a great success, and we have distributed forty prizes during the year, totalling £20,000.

The year 1929 has been a remarkable one for our competitors, but we stand on the threshold of a still more momentous year.

We desire to express our gratitude to our readers for their unswerving loyalty throughout the year. Our object in the future, as in the past, will be to do our best to serve their interests.

A new idea

WRIGLEY'S has found a new way to health and efficiency—relaxation of the nerves—momentary subconscious rest—relief of tension—the concentration of a freshened mind.

It's a fact. Your doctor will tell you that the act of chewing has a soothing effect on the nerves. It calms them—relaxes the whole nervous system. And complete nervous relaxation means rest for mind and body as well.

Wrigley's is also recommended by doctors and dentists because it cleanses the teeth and mouth as nothing else can. Taken after meals, Wrigley's aids digestion—removes all trace of eating, drinking or smoking—and sweetens the breath.

Health and efficiency demand the regular use of Wrigley's. In two flavours —P:K., a true peppermint flavour—Spearmint, a pure mint leaf flavour.

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Get your set first and collect coupons afterwards

FOR **595** COUPONS ONLY

Plus 6 Gns. for Royalty and Valves, or a correspondingly larger number of Coupons.

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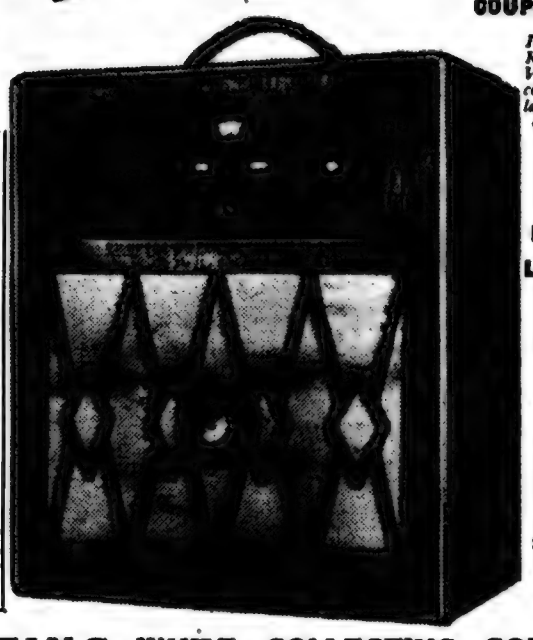
This amazing offer is made possible by collaboration with the Manufacturers, who wish to popularise this their latest model. Guaranteed to receive all principal British and Continental Stations. Mahogany case. Single tuning dial. Mullard Valves. Equipped for gramophone pick-up, and all latest improvements are embodied in this set. Cuts out London with one simple turn.



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Of all good Cigarettes the BEST

Finest Blend you have ever tried

This 23 Guinea 5 Valve "DENNIS" PORTABLE — Free to smokers of

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VIRGINIA CIGARETTES

This celebrated full-size **"CHELLOPHONE"** Portable Gramophone in handsome, strongly-made case, best quality fittings and lid pocket for eight records. Latest improved sound box, non-spillable needle box. Exceptionally strong motor. You can also have the Gramophone first and collect coupons afterwards.

FOR ONLY **295 COUPONS**

3/- RECORDS FOR 40 COUPONS EACH

Many other valuable gifts from 10 coupons up.

Ask your Tobacconist to-day for a packet of Navy Club

25 Coupons—Cash Value 3/6

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Plain Cork or Ivory Tipped

Post in ½d. stamped envelope and enclose one empty carton of Navy Club Cigarettes to

L. & J. FABIAN (DEPT. C B.6), 74, New Bond Street, London, W.1.

Please send me 25 FREE Coupons, with list of gifts and particulars of HOW I CAN GET AT ONCE, without any cash payment whatsoever, the "DENNIS" Super Five-Valve Portable and / or the "CHELLOPHONE" Portable Gramophone with Twenty-Six 3/- records

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ADDRESS.....

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Branch of the GENERAL TOBACCO CO. LTD.

How to shave the upper lip

THE upper lip, just at the base of the nostril — this difficult spot gives more trouble than a hundred miles of flat cheek.

Yet, if your blade is sharp and made of hard Sheffield steel and properly tempered, as Gillette blades are, you can get a close, comfortable shave every time, even there. Don't try to shave the upper lip as you do the rest of your face. Draw the edge upwards and sideways into the opening of the nostril and against the inner side. Use only a quarter of an inch of the blade — just at the end.

But be sure you shave with a Gillette. For Gillette blades *are* made of hard Sheffield steel, properly tempered. And their sharpening is entrusted to skilled workers, of whom four out of nine spend their whole time looking for flaws and imperfections. Only perfect, keen blades are allowed to leave the Gillette factory! Gillette Safety Razor Ltd., 184-8, Great Portland Street, London, W.1.

Gillette

Gillette blades

My PRISON Nightmare

by "COL. BARKER,"

whose masquerade as a man astonished the world

"I wish finally to escape the glare"

FROM the judge who sentenced me I learned that my imprisonment was intended to punish wrongdoing. But I did not for a moment dream of the nature of the punishment.

I want to make this protest as restrained and therefore as effective as possible. After eight months in Holloway Jail I do not pretend to be an expert authority on prisons.

But as an intelligent, educated woman, with some medical training, who has had the *grim opportunity of witnessing certain things*, I feel impelled to report them.

Perhaps it may be as well also to emphasise my intention in writing this article. It is not an attack on Holloway Jail as an isolated institution.

First offenders

It is not an attack on any of the officials of that prison who, I well understand, administer a system they have not designed and cannot alter.

That system I do question, and since only public opinion can change it, to the public I announce these facts.

Although I am not an innocent young girl, I would stress one point: mine was a first conviction, and my term was served in the second division. Therefore what I saw and underwent is the common experience of the youngest first offenders.

Before I recite my criticism of the prison system, it may help readers to grasp things better if I give some idea of the daily routine and surroundings.

The reveille sounds at six o'clock: at 6.30 cells are opened, and fifty or so prisoners line up at the two lavatories to empty slops.

In the few minutes that this is going on, in spite of official supervision, talking, passing of notes and exchanges of contraband property take place.

Some of the most degraded creatures in the world take occasion to be particularly disgusting, and, which is worse, fraternise with much younger women who have perhaps been guilty of nothing more culpable than some petty larceny.

Soon learn

Girls brought to this training-centre, more by lack of money than of any innate immorality, soon learn every viciousness known to degraded human experience.

To continue the day: 6.30 to seven is spent scrubbing out the cells—cold water only being provided. A morning chapel service and breakfast—then proceeds the marching of prisoners to the various workrooms.

There, with the relief only of the lunch interval, the prisoner's day is spent.

I worked throughout the summer in a dressmaking-room. The work is of the most dull and footling sort, and the sun beating on the glass roof completed our debilitation.

The worst part of this morning's spell was that only two conveniences were provided.

There was a sink and drinking-water with only two cups among thirty to forty prisoners (this room could hold ninety) and one roller hand-towel that did not seem to be changed very often.

Infectious disease is hard to escape with these arrangements.

The one result that the prisons ensure with absolute certainty is that all who enter the gates have opportunity to sink to the degrading depths of the worst prisoner herded there.

Even in the workrooms, under the supervision of the wardress, I have heard abandoned old-timers relating in whispers the worst kind of stories.

The conversations between prisoners working at the same table are more demoralising. Thieves boast of their successes and encourage beginners to take up the trade.

Foolish first offenders are put in touch with outside criminal organisations and their haunts.

They find, too, that these prison-associates follow them after release, and force them to assist in criminal enterprises by threatening to reveal their prison taint to prospective employers, or to friends and relations who may be ignorant of it.

Blackmailing me

One of these women is attempting to blackmail me at the present time. I was foolish enough to write notes and pass them in prison. Some of them referred to people I know, and this woman has succeeded in getting several notes out of prison.

She threatens with their help to cause pain and annoyance to my friends if I do not buy these letters back.

A young girl at the prison work-tables can also hear prostitutes and blackmailers boasting of the easy money they have won, and giving detailed descriptions of the tricks employed to obtain it.

All regular criminals boast of their profession in which they would like to be thought great successes. The fact that they are in prison is sufficient comment on their criminal ability.

The foolish young women do not think of that, and, sadly enough, some are only too willing to believe in easy money.

Another horror

As well as this moral contagion, there is ever in the mind of the intelligent prisoner the fear of physical danger from some horrible infection.

The regulation medical examination on entering the prison is of such a nature that women can pass undetected into the ordinary cells.

This menace is appalling. And the ill-considered arrangements of the prison thrust it on one at every turn.

The inadequate lavatories common to dozens of prisoners; the knives, forks and spoons, the mugs, and the hand-towel, in the workrooms all threaten their horrors.

Who used them last? Were they thoroughly washed? However hungry you are, it is difficult to eat and think of these things.

Endless hours

The authorities, however, are not so imaginative. I can tell you one more thing to prove that.

The row of cells allotted to maternity cases is situated in the same wing and directly above those occupied by infected women.

When a prisoner is locked in her cell, in the early evening, these are the things she has to think over during those twelve endless hours of her solitary night.

If she is foolish and impressionable, she may meditate on what tricks she has learned during the day, and look forward to the easy money she hopes to get by them.

If she is an old hand she may decide about midnight to wreck her cell. That will keep half the prison in hysterical unrest, long after she has been carried screeching to the padded cell.

If she is a woman of any intelligence these twelve hours would bring her near to madness.

Indeed, women's prisons seem to have been invented by lunatics for the manufacture of lunatics.

And yet I wonder if the older law of silence was not the better way?—Yes, I suppose progress has been made, but if that is so, then the whole system must be wrong.

A new start

And now for another start in life. I am deathly sick of all those incidents which brought me before the public.

I wish finally to escape the glare. You will not see me on any stage in an attempt to sell my unwelcome notoriety at an abhorred price.

Simply I want to fade away with the children in a place where they can never hear any whisper of this sorry business.

The work I go to is clean and useful. It is something truly in the public interest.

Also it will be so exacting that it will take my mind away from these last terrible months.

Wish me good luck—will you?

Quick!

Id. EACH

No waiting, no slicing

Beefex CUBES

dissolve instantly

and make the famous health beverage with the delicious flavour. Enrich meat dishes with Beefex. The latest—the best.

BEEFEX LTD., BEEFEX HOUSE, LONDON, E.C.1

So healthful! So refreshing!

A bath with a

Reckitt's Bath Cube

12 for 6d

Actual Size

'PLUS TWO'

"Not a 'fag,' but a full-size cigarette"

13 PT

In any case –

whether it's a 'small one' over the bar or a bottle of whisky you're buying, you surely want best value for your money.

The way to get it is obviously to *ask* for it.

HOW ?

By just saying "Johnnie Walker, please," then you'll know for a 'dead cert' that *you're* getting the best.

JOHNNIE WALKER

Born 1820 – Still going Strong

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JOHN WALKER & SONS, LIMITED,
SCOTCH WHISKY DISTILLERS, KILMARNOCK, SCOTLAND.

Troubled with Psoriasis 30 Years Cuticura Healed

"I was troubled with psoriasis for thirty years. It started when I was about fourteen years old and was on my elbows and knees. Soon after a patch appeared on my forehead and then spread all over my head and ears The burning and itching were unbearable, and I was ashamed to be seen Later it spread all over my body The affected parts were covered with scales which peeled off and formed again.

"I read an advertisement for Cuticura Soap and Ointment and sent for a free sample. It relieved the trouble so I continued the treatment and in a short time I was healed." (Signed) Mrs. Sarah Jacobs, 53 Church Rd., St. Leonards-on-Sea, Sussex.

Keep your skin clear by using Cuticura Soap Ointment and Talcum for daily toilet purposes Touch pimples and itching if any, with Cuticura Ointment, bathe with Cuticura Soap and hot water.

Soap 1s., Ointment 1s. 3d. and 2s. 6d. Talcum 1s. 3d. For sample each address: F. Newbery & Sons, Ltd., 31, Banner St., London, E.C.1.
Cuticura Shaving Stick 1s. 3d.

ON LEAVING SCHOOL

AND THE CHOICE OF A CAREER

SIR CHARLES WAKEFIELD

helps parents to solve their great problem in the pages of his admirable and far-sighted book, 'On Leaving School.' Out of the storehouse of his great experience and knowledge of present-day conditions and the needs of the future, the author has provided a true 'guide, philosopher and friend'

10TH EDITION. 3/6 NET
HODDER & STOUGHTON

CONSTIPATION QUICKLY RELIEVED

Liver complaint, dyspepsia, headache and piles result from constipation. One or two Carter's Little Liver Pills will effectively free the system. They are purely vegetable and non-habit forming. They assist nature's duties. 1/3 and 3/- pkgs.

CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS

WHOOPING COUGH

For fifty years Vapo Cresolene has stopped the paroxysms of Whooping Cough. Use it tonight and save the child from that wracking cough. Cresolene is widely used for Colds, Bronchitis, Influenza, Croup, Asthma and Catarrh.

Vapo-Cresolene

Disinfects the room and prevents spread of infection. Sold by all Chemists. Write for descriptive booklet No. 31 to ALLEN & HANBURYS Ltd., Lombard St., London, E.C.3

CHAMPIONS *who never win through*

"Mostly they make their fun in the courts and streets"

A GIRL running round a park practice-track in old, high-heeled shoes; a boy dribbling a little ball in an ancient pair of football-boots six sizes too large, yet his most precious possession!

Little do some of us know of the pathetic, and sometimes heroic, struggle of the youth of the poor for outdoor games and the physical fitness which goes with it.

These are not children who enter sport merely for sports' sake. Nearly all their life is taken up with the struggle for existence—for that job which will provide them with food.

Mostly they make their own fun in the courts, streets and squares, and on patches of waste ground.

While one or two by special ability break through and become famous footballers or champion boxers, the vast majority snatch their fun in passing along the sterner path of life.

Amazing young people they are, and the shifts they employ to get their desire are equally wonderful. For remember they have home duties or they sell papers and do odd jobs to keep the family ball rolling before they leave school.

The clubs for working-class boys are commonly known as "street-corner football clubs."

The financial basis is very rocky. They can do as they please so long as they do not join a league, but as soon as they do join a league they can no longer play Sunday football. Yet Sunday is the one full day which the working-class boy has all to himself.

Even these non-league clubs have to find enough money to pay the 3s. 6d. which, in London, the parks ask for the use of the pitch and goal-posts. And the referee expects half-a-crown.

They manage it

Then our boy footballer must also have enough money for his club shirt, boots and shorts; and he also subscribes towards the cost of the ball.

Yet somehow, by hook or by crook, they manage it in their countless thousands.

In the case of schoolboys, the poor boys' chances are decidedly inferior to those of secondary school boys.

For instance, elementary school pupils do not get their Wednesday afternoons free for play, or their Saturday mornings.

But the secondary school boy always gets his two games per week, exclusive of his free time.

Of all sports for the poor lad, swimming is probably the most accessible, and boxing the least.

It would be hard to say how many lads, possessing potentialities for first-class boxing, have been unable to succeed because of the big obstacles at the beginning.

If you will go down to East London to attend one of those annual open boxing competitions, which are usually held at the local swimming-baths, you will see them there; and if you ask them, they will readily tell you their trouble in getting proper training.

What does the young boxing aspirant need?

He must have time in which to train; and there are boys in London's East End who do not return from work until seven o'clock in the evening. He must have regularity in training—that is all-important.

The fish-porter

But in the great tailoring industry of East London, for instance, a youngster may work until eight or nine at night during the rush season. And then, sometimes, when he gets home from work he is too tired to train.

Bread and margarine and cheap tinned foods, and the other poor or adulterated foodstuffs which the poor are compelled to buy, are not the best fodder on which a growing boy can train.

JOHN BULL'S representative spoke with one lad—a husky specimen, he seemed—in the crowded dressing-room of an East End hall where an amateur competition was being held.

He was a fish-porter, he said. He gets up at half-past three in the morning, and starts work at five.

At about three o'clock—sometimes it is four—he gets back home, has his dinner and then sleeps until half-past six, when it is time to be at the gymnasium. And he is at the gymnasium every night, so keen is he.

We must remember also that our young boxer must find someone to train him; and he will not get a good trainer unless he looks as though he will bring in some money as a professional.

Your young working-class amateur must, of course, join a club, the fees of which may amount to half-a-crown a week. And then there are the entrance-fees for competitions.

In Hoxton, there is a young upholsterer who is looked upon by his pals in the club as a coming lad. But he has a pretty hard road to travel.

He works in Stratford, and has to be on the job at eight o'clock.

He is a magnificently built youngster, but the pallor of his face shows that he does not get half enough chance in the open air, although he devotes his Sundays to road-work, pounding along in an old sweater and threadbare flannel trousers—round and round the track in Victoria Park, with unconquerable determination, while his mates still lie abed reading the Sunday paper.

He manages to get two evenings free for training. He is fighting a brave battle, and he has real promise; but will he win?

Work is not always a hindrance, as was gathered from one hefty middle-weight who had just disposed of his opponent with great accuracy and despatch in the ring.

This young man works in the gravel-pits, where he starts at seven and finishes at 4.30, with two half-hour breaks for food.

Asked about his training, he said that he just does a little sparring occasionally, and he walks back and forth to work.

"And then, the work helps too," he added, with a pleasant grin on his sweating, sunburnt face.

One lad who found it very hard to find time for training was working in a clothiers' shop, and did not finish until eight o'clock. He said he trained two nights a week, but found it very hard to get the time.

Not spectators

These are examples picked at random on one evening's visit; but they can be repeated a thousand times and more throughout the industrial areas of Britain.

They are the common experience of working-class boys who are trying to develop their bodies, to keep fit, to play the game.

It is not the potential champions so much whom we want to develop. We should aim at the greater physical well-being of the citizens of the future.

Indeed they cannot all be champions though they may be given facilities to play the games they enjoy.

Better a million players in the open air than a million spectators of games.

These young people should not be sacrificed to the cup-hunting ambitions of clubs or individuals; but every working lad should have the opportunity for taking part in whatever branch of sports or athletics he chooses.

This is the duty of the nation to them, so that they may later more adequately fulfil their duty towards the nation.

SECTION 1

'FAMILIAR FRIENDS'

FIRST PRIZE £10 For best Reply to any Riddle on this page.

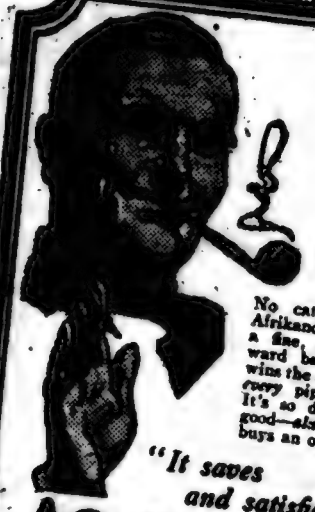
AT the foot of each advertisement below is a riddle. We will give a prize of £1 1s. 0d. for the best answer received in each case (seven in all) and in addition a prize of £10 for the brightest answer received in the whole of this section (Section 1). RULES:—Postcards only. Write clearly your name and address, giving number of advertisement against each answer. Forward as many postcards as you like. You may choose any of the riddles. Not more than three answers on each postcard. Editor's decision to be final. Closing date, January 11th, 1930. Address: "Familiar Friends," Section 1, JOHN BULL, 57, Long Acre, London, W.C.2

SEVEN PRIZES OF £1.1.0 EACH For best Reply to Riddles in each Panel Advertisement on this page.

All prizes, £10 First, seven of £1. 1. 0 each and over 80 handsome Platignum Fountpen Desk Sets, MUST BE WON!

The prizes will be awarded for the best answers received to riddles on this page. You can select any number of riddles. There is no entrance fee and no limit to the number of entries. Aptness and originality will count. Do not send in more than three answers on a postcard and each postcard must contain replies relating to advertisements on this page only (Section 1). Several postcards can, if necessary, be forwarded in an envelope bearing a 1½d. stamp.

In addition to the Cash Prizes, over 80 Special prizes, of Platignum Fountpen Desk Sets [value 5/- each] will be awarded to replies from this page.



No catches about Afrikander. It's just a fine, straightforward baccy which wins the approval of every pipe smoker. It's so dependably good—always. 7½d. buys an ounce.

"It saves and satisfies"

Afrikander

MIXTURE · FLAKE · SHAG 7½d.

Issued by Cohen, Weenen & Co., Ltd.

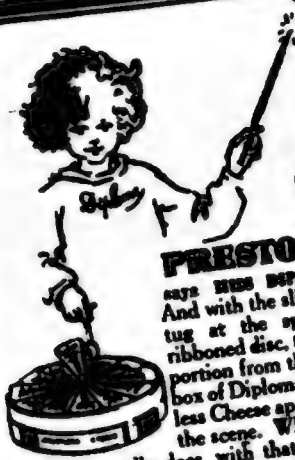
No. 1. *Why is AFRIKANDER like a Money-Box?*

The Perfect Food for Everyone

Helps you to resist illness and the strain of modern life

OXO

No. 2. *Why is Oxo like Sunshine?*



PRESTO! says MISS DIPLOMA And with the slightest tug at the specially ribboned disc, the first portion from that new box of Diploma Crustless Cheese appears on the scene. What Miss Diploma actually does with that portion afterwards . . . is positively nobody's business.

DIPLOMA The ENGLISH CRUSTLESS **CHEESE**

No. 3. *What is the difference between Diploma Cheese and the North Sea?*

I spy Mince-pies!

Mince pies—*splendid!* Made with Robertson's Mincemeat — scrumptious! Who'd go to the trouble and expense of making mincemeat at home when Robertson's turn out such utterly delicious, fruit-tasting mincemeat? Try a jar, to-day!

Robertson's Mincemeat

GOLDEN SHRED BRAND

No. 4. *Why are "Golden Shred" Mince pies like a sunny day?*

A Friend Indeed!

Odol is a good friend to old and young. Its daily use ensures a clean mouth; white, healthy teeth, firm gums. A powerful germicide. Exquisitely fragrant and refreshing.

Get a tube to-day and start a lifelong friendship!

1/4 Per Large Tube

No. 5. *Of what popular novel does Odol remind you, and why?*

THIS sign stands for the best Beef Suet that one can buy—"Atora" is quite an institution now! And it's as good as it's popular! Always keep a packet of "Atora" in the larder. It's so handy for making light nourishing puddings and dumplings and as a creamy improvement in milk puddings.

No. 6. *What is the difference between "Atora" and the Flying Scotsman?*

"Old Folks at Home"

British Tea for British People

The choicest blend of the finest teas, MAZAWATTEE TEA is famous for its Purity, Economy and Unvarying Flavour.

Ask your grocer for a packet—TO-DAY!

Delicious

Mazawattee Tea

No. 7. *Why is Mazawattee Tea like an Edgar Wallace "Thriller"?*

ENTER THIS FREE COMPETITION!

More Riddles and More Prizes on pp. 29 & 31.

More Riddles and More Prizes on pp. 29 & 31.

Safety First!

20/- IN THE POUND ALWAYS

"—Safe as the Bank"—JOHN BULL 24 March 1928

BET WITH THE BIG TWO

Letter Commissions accepted from 1/- up to any amount, and if forwarded in accordance with our Rules.

"YOU ARE ON"

DAVID COPE & ALFRED H. MAURICE

(Dept. J.B.),

227, BATH ST., GLASGOW.

NATIONAL HUNT SEASON

NO LIMIT—Win or Place.

DAILY SETTLEMENTS—WINNINGS BY RETURN.

FOOTBALL

TEN LISTS.

6 Leagues, 5 Leagues, 4 Leagues, etc.

NOTHING BARRED

IN ANY LEAGUE OR ON ANY LIST.

Send for the CHALLENGER CREDIT COUPON for fairest odds combined with ABSOLUTE SECURITY.

£550 AWARDED IN "John Bull's" Crossword Competition No. 42.

The only correct solution in Crossword Competition No. 42 was received from :—

Mr. A. DELL, Ship Centurion, 111, High Street, Whitstable,

to whom, subject to the conditions of the Competition, a cheque for £500 will be dispatched.

Solutions containing one error only were received from the following 26 competitors, who share the Second Prize of £50, each receiving £1 18s. 6d. :—

Ball, Mrs. E., 1, George St., Bourne, Lincs.
Beer, Mrs. F., 40, Alexandra Terrace, Swansea.
Bowater, Mrs. H., 26, Launch St., Poplar, E.14.
Boyland, T., 4, Apin Rd., Lawton, Dundee.
Chalmers, C. T., East Kilbride, Glasgow.
Claughan, Mrs. M. J., 60, Ramsay St., Thursdale, Perry hill.
Dixon, F., 13, Rope Walk, Bridlington, E. Yorks.
Fenn, Mrs. A., 79, Lowther St., Coventry.
Foster, Mrs. A., 73A, Edward St., Ladywood, Birmingham.
Grayson, F., 2, Lightfoot Avenue, Glassboughton, Yorks.
Holbrook, N. W., Upper Lydbrook, Glos.
Jewell, Mrs. I., Mesfruse, Delahole, Cornwall.
Jolly, M., 13, Minto Place, Newbiggin-by-Sea.
King, C. V., Post Office, Attleborough, Norfolk.
Lees, Miss N., 140, Broadholm St., Glasgow, N.
Livingstone, Mrs., West Cottage, Pegswood, Morpeth.
Mills, C. J., 42, Keynsham St., Cheltenham.
Munro, N., 55, Kelvinhaugh St., Glasgow.
Pasker, L. M., 50, Rutland Rd., Ilford.
Romain, L. E., 13, Holders Road, Amesbury.
Scott, M. C., 21, Barnton Gardens, Davidsons Mains, Midlothian.
Spittlers, F. W., The Shelter, Bromfield, Ludlow, Salop.
Townsend, Mrs. E., 1, Sidney St., Derby.
Williams, C. H., "Kings," Brechin, Scotland.
Winterton, Miss C. M., Pevensey, Mellor, Nr. Stockport.
Wood, E., 10, Lydford St., Pendleton.

Another £500 X-Word appears on Page 32.

TRY YOUR SKILL NOW!

The New Year Resolution I WISH I'D NEVER MADE

LAST year I resolved to present every new baby that came into our family or to the house of any of my real friends with a note for one pound.

I'm very much afraid that the stork must have been close enough to overhear my resolution, for to-day I am the poorer by sixteen pounds.

I am hoping against hope that when this letter is in print I shall have seen the last demand on my purse.—*L. G. Alderson (Miss), Newcastle-on-Tyne.*

Broken-hearted

I decided not to see my sweetheart again, because of my parents' objection to him. I suffered, but I kept it.

Before the year was out we were all broken-hearted over it. He was the means of saving my youngest sister being run over by a steam wagon, but was killed himself.

When in hospital we went to see him, but he never recovered consciousness.—*Miss E. A., Worcs.*

Woman Scorned

Never to stray beyond simple courtesy with any girl for one whole year. In that year I met the one girl who would have mattered.

She, too, seemed inclined to be more than friendly. But pig-headedly I adhered to my resolution, maintaining no more than comradely interest.

Before the end of the year she moved from the town, and, later on, married someone else.—*C. S., London.*

Tougher than Fiction

Last year I determined that for a month I would speak the truth, and nothing but the truth.

At the end of a week I had made so many deadly enemies that I had to go round conciliating nearly everyone I knew.—*J. Carno, Devon.*

The Know-all

I regret making the resolution to be extremely nice to my neighbour. He is one of those "clever" persons, and passes sarcastic remarks on everything I do.

It's always "Look here, old chap, I should do so and so," until my blood boils with indignation.

Thank goodness the year is nearly ended and I shall be able to have a bit of my own back.—*G. W., Waltham.*

No Holiday

On New Year's Eve, 1928, I made known my intention, by means of a New Year resolution, to take my wife and two children for a holiday to Blackpool during the following summer.

But alas! through financial disaster I was unable to fulfil my promise.

The expressions of dismay and disappointment on the faces of the children made me wish I had never made audible my resolution.—*W. W., Burnley.*

A Dis-card

Three of us used to play cards with an eccentric old man, and often we used to arrive home very late.

This naturally upset my wife, so I made a resolution not to play again.

Imagine my chagrin when the old man died recently, and left each of his card-companions £100 and me nowt.—*D. Sutton, Bournemouth.*

Changed Face

Keen on boxing, I resolved that I would learn the art of self-defence.

Having two nights each week boxing with boys much bigger than myself (as advised), being knocked about, also having a series of black eyes, not mentioning thick lips, I soon developed a face not too good to look upon.

I shall therefore make a resolution this year to be a harmless little boy who wouldn't hurt a fly.—*Ex-Pugilist, Sunderland.*

Back in Heaven

Last December I came home from my favourite football-ground feeling all out of sorts. I took to bed, and the doctor diagnosed my trouble as erysipelas, which my wife declared I had contracted through standing in the cold and damp.

So ill was I on New Year's Day, that I made a resolution that not for a whole year would I attend another football match. And—thank God, it is nearly New Year again!—*Football Fan, Kirkcaldy.*

Called a Prig

I resolved to "see no evil, hear no evil, speak no evil." As I live in a "highly respectable" suburb, the test has been peculiarly trying and most unsatisfactory.

I have antagonised friends and relatives alike by an attitude which has been described as priggish, liverish and against natural laws, and I have been slighted, ostracised and regarded as "dangerous."

I shall be glad when December 31 vanishes, if only to revise my outlook by bringing a little common-sense to bear on it.—*C. G., Huddersfield.*

Slimming

Two years ago I considered I was getting a bit too plump, so I made a New Year resolution to "slim."

I cut out milk, butter, sugar, meat and bread, and tried to exist solely on hot water, orange juice, fruit and vegetables.

At the end of a fortnight I was in bed, and a scolding doctor ordered me custards, milk puddings and beef tea.

Now, with chronic indigestion added to ever-increasing *embonpoint*, I wish I had let well alone.—*B. A., Edinburgh.*

Intolerance

Naturally a quick-tempered man, my great resolution was that I should be more tolerant. So successful were my efforts, that now "Tolerance" might be my middle name.

My wife runs up bills; my daughter's friends appropriate the comfortable front room; my son habitually "touches" me without compunction; and my best friend has just asked me to back a bill.

The tolerant man deserves all the kicks he gets.—*Doormat, Glasgow.*

Everybody's Butt

"Speak a kind word, and do a good deed to everybody and everything" was my resolution in 1928. It has made me everybody's butt.

My wife mistook my changed temperament for senile decay, and donned the trousers; my children thought daddy had become funny, and disregarded me; my friends told me I was a jolly good fellow, and spent my pocket-money by Monday morning.

The boss advised me to "buck up" and assert my authority with the staff I supervised.—*Never Again, Penygraig.*

* * *

I RESOLVED—

To leave my Lady Nicotine. True, I only left her for a month, but what a month!—*N., Durham.*

To give the first "down-and-out" I met a real meal. He left behind his thanks, taking with him my best suit of clothes.—*K. C., Oswaldtwistle.*

That I would never speak to my mother again or enter her house. Now I have children of my own, and know how trying they are.—*E. A., Liverpool.*

To do unto others as they do unto me. I regret it. I find myself developing into a social prig.—*Roy, Burnley.*

To give part of my weekly earnings to a very poor relative. Afterwards I found out she was far richer than I.—*A. W., Aberdeen.*

To quit smoking. A few weeks later I went to a whist-drive and won the first prize—"one handsome smoker's cabinet filled with cigarettes."—*J. Carr, Bradford.*

Never to marry. Now, with lonely old age creeping on, I feel very sorry.—*M. Rose, Suffolk.*

To save and have a good, long holiday. I have been resting practically ever since. Ten months' unemployment, and no hope.—*Dad, Worcester.*

I made a resolution, avaricious not to be
Or enter competitions for the sake of £ s. d.
For that resolve I'm sorry; a good chance one seldom gets.
A "Bullet" catching JOHN BULL'S eye would wipe out all my debts.—*A. B., Dublin.*

Our Letter Parliament

ORIGINAL letters upon the subject below, not exceeding 100 words, are invited, as also are letters on any topic about which you feel strongly. 10s. will be paid for each letter published. Mark envelopes "Letter Parliament." Letters must reach us by Tuesday, December 31.

If War C me, What I Would Do.

Race with "Silver Ring"

BRIGHTER RACING, *Please!*

WHENEVER Jack Frost, or his satellites, Fog and Flood, ride the high horse, racing is numbered with the "also rans," and, with space to fill, many bright ideas find their way into print.

The best during the recent hold-up, which appeared in the *Sporting Life*, suggested that threatened meetings might be transferred from one course to another.

I see no reason why Gatwick, the first to suffer from the floods, could not have been moved to Lingfield, Hurst Park to Kempton or Sandown, and Derby to any of the Midland meetings presided over by Mr. Stanley Ford, the Clerk of the Course.

Official sanction would, of course, be necessary; but in future this might be obtained when applying to the N.H. Committee for dates.

My contribution is a plea for more big races. There is very little doing between the Grand Sefton in November and Cheltenham's big splash in March.

It is not likely that any proposed race would lead to much ante-post betting; but two or three races upon which a market could be formed in the London clubs would give the game a much-needed fillip.

The New Year introduces a little brighter racing, but it is not sufficient. Manchester sets the ball rolling with its two modest-sized plums, the Victory 'Chase and the Victory Hurdle Race.

Glanmore won the 'chase twelve months ago, and will attempt the "double." The Irish division possess a stout challenger in Tirangone, but I think the pair will be beaten by The Druce Machine, which I consider one of the "finds" of the season.

* * *

Tom Coulthwaite is the man to follow at Manchester. The Hednesford trainer is not represented in the 'chase, but should win the Victory Hurdle with Windermere Laddie. With Promptitude engaged, a fair price may be returned.

"JOHN BULL'S" CODE

The code for this week is as follows. It covers the racing from Thursday, December 26, to Wednesday, January 1.

5	G	C	B	P	F	E	W	3	K	T	9	N	L	H
D	Y	X	M	J	V	O	2	A	I	U	S	R	Z	Q

In place of the Code letters printed in the *Sporting Life* read the one above or below, as the case may be.

YZ3RBENO would read GLANMORE.

"SILVER RING."

SECTION 3

'FAMILIAR FRIENDS'

FIRST PRIZE £10 For best Reply to any Riddle on this page.

AT the foot of each advertisement below is a riddle. We will give a prize of £1 1s. 0d. for the best answer received in each case (seven in all) and in addition a prize of £10 for the brightest answer received in the whole of this section (Section 3). RULES:—Postcards only. Write clearly your name and address, giving number of advertisement against each answer. Forward as many postcards as you like. You may choose any of the riddles. Not more than three answers on each postcard. Editor's decision to be final. Closing date, January 11th, 1930. Address: "Familiar Friends," Section 3, JOHN BULL, 57, Long Acre, London, W.C.2

SEVEN PRIZES OF £1.1.0 EACH For best Reply to Riddles in each Panel Advertisement on this page.

All prizes, £10 First, seven of £1. 1. 0 each and over 80 handsome Platignum Fountpen Desk Sets, MUST BE WON!

The prizes will be awarded for the best answers received to riddles on this page. You can select any number of riddles. There is no entrance fee and no limit to the number of entries. Aptness and originality will count. Do not send in more than three answers on a postcard and each postcard must contain replies relating to advertisements on this page only (Section 3). Several postcards can, if necessary, be forwarded in an envelope bearing a 1½d. stamp.

In addition to the Cash Prizes, over 80 Special prizes, of Platignum Fountpen Desk Sets [value 5/- each] will be awarded to replies from this page.

Dark to Light

for the Dance to-night

Thanks to Tintex. Just like magic—only simpler. Dark colours transformed to light, light to dark—a matter of a few moments and a few pence. A new frock for the dance to-night? Stockings and undies to harmonise? You can have them all with Tintex in the latest fashionable shades. Perfect results guaranteed.

30 GLORIOUS LASTING TINTEX COLOURS!

Tintex 6d.

The Astonishing New Dye

"Tints as you Rinse."

In case of difficulty in obtaining, send remittance with name of your dealer to—British Tintex & Dye Products, Ltd., Suite 50, 252-260 Regent St., London, W.1.

Home Testing Outfit, post free.

No. 1. *Why should Cabinet Ministers use 'Tintex'?*

SAPO CARBONIS WRIGHT'S COAL TAR SOAP DETERGENS

"As fresh as a garden in Spring"

Wright's Coal Tar Soap is not only fresh and fragrant, it is pure. it is in itself a symbol of Good Health. An enemy of infection. A soap that will preserve a beautiful complexion, and is compassionate to a tender skin.

WRIGHT'S COAL TAR SOAP

No. 2. *Why is a tablet of Wright's Coal Tar Soap like the Spring?*

GIVE YOUR GRAMOPHONE A CHRISTMAS PRESENT!

Let your gramophone be at its best this Christmas. Use the finest quality needles. The kind that will give you full Orchestral Volume—and get the most out of your records. Songster Collar Needles are inexpensive, only 4d. a box.

SONGSTER COLLAR NEEDLES

No. 3. *What is the difference between Songster and Cleopatra's Needle?*

The Most Popular Gifts

The most popular gifts can be obtained by smoking Black Cat Cigarettes. Coupons are given with every packet. Thousands of smokers are already grateful for the introduction to a really pure cigarette with a genuine Gift

Black Cat VIRGINIA CIGARETTES

10 for 6d. 20 for 1/-
50 for 2/6 100 for 5/-

No. 4 *What is the difference between a Black Cat Cigarette and the Clerk of the Weather?*

TAX EVASION!

The new Swift is only taxed at £10 a year, but it gives the service of a £14 a year car.

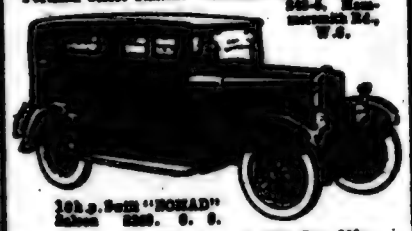
You should try it! It will open your eyes to modern light-car performance.

And apart from saving tax, think of the economy of running! Write for full particulars and trial run.

SWIFT

Saloons from £260. 0. 0. to £295. 0. 0.
Coupes .. £245. 0. 0. .. £270. 0. 0.
Four Seater Tourer £235. 0. 0.

SWIFT of COVENTRY Ltd. COVENTRY.
Joint London Distributors: Henlys Ltd., Devonshire House, Piccadilly, W.1, and Henly Rooms, opposite 61, Portland Street Station. Bowhaus Motor Co., 227, 242-6, Hammersmith Rd., W.6.



10h.p. Swift "ROAD" Saloon £260. 0. 0.

No. 5. *Why is a Swift Car like the Prime Minister?*

Don't envy other men's hair —use ANZORA yourself!

When a man's hair is smart and lustrous looking—and it remains so—he uses ANZORA. Only ANZORA can so thoroughly master the hair.

ANZORA CREAM for greasy scalps, and ANZORA VIOLA for dry scalps, are sold in 1/6 and 2/6 (double quantity) bottles, by Chemists, Hairdressers and Stores.

Anzora Perfumery Co., Ltd., London, N.W.6.

ANZORA MASTERS THE HAIR

No. 6. *Why is Anzora like a Battleship?*

They warm you thro'

'GRIPS' FIRST AID PASTILLES

contain Menthol, Eucalyptus and Liquorice. Everything everyone needs to keep out cold and check the little ills so prevalent these cold, damp and foggy days.

Sold everywhere—10d. per Quarter and 1/- tins.

No. 7. *Why is a 'GRIP' Pastille like a boxer?*

ENTER THIS FREE COMPETITION!

More Riddles and More Prizes on pp. 27 & 29.

More Riddles and More Prizes on pp. 27 & 29.

Spread yourself out on winning John Bull's £500 must-be-won X-Word

An extra £50 for runners up!

YOU'RE on a big thing, get down to it at once! £500 must be won this week by simple crossword skill. Stretch out for this grand prize and don't let yourself be cornered. Here is an all-square opportunity which will put you on your feet. Be right in it—and more power to your elbow!

Solution of puzzle will be published in JOHN BULL on sale Thursday, January 9th. Winner will be given in JOHN BULL on sale Thursday, January 16th.

Result of JOHN BULL X-word No. 42 appears on page 30.

"JOHN BULL" will pay £500 for a correct solution on one Form of JOHN BULL Crossword No. 44 appearing below. Failing a correct solution, the prize will be awarded to the reader whose entry is the nearest correct solution. An additional £50 will be divided between those competitors whose solutions contain one error only, or only one error more than the winning solution. Every reader has an equal opportunity. For this two-week contest only, each competitor may send in two sixpenny double entry forms—one of which may be taken from this week's JOHN BULL and an additional one may be taken from last week's JOHN BULL. No claims required. No entries accepted after Thursday (noon), January 2nd.

Don't run the risk of being late — Fill in and post your Coupons early.

Closing Date, Thursday (Noon), January 2.

Clues Across.

1. Propels a steamer.
5. To proceed energetically.
9. Often carries letters.
10. On behalf of.
12. Gives temporary relief.
14. Scheme.
17. Pointed head.
18. Dash.
20. Donkey.
21. Favoured animals.
22. Violence indicated here.
23. A pair.
25. Pig house.
29. One leads to many.
30. One who interferes.
33. Brewer's cart.
35. Road-hog thinks little of.
36. Employ. 37. Expire.
38. Don't marry one.

Clues Down.

1. Health resort.
2. Seamen handle these.
3. Extend. 4. Cry.
6. A bar. 7. Metal.
8. Always.
11. What nervous horse does.
13. Tried.
15. Sheltered side.
16. Describes taste.
17. Reimburse.
19. Whole.
24. Married.
26. 3 feet.
27. Luke-warm.
28. Move. 30. An actor.
31. Cereal.
32. Had knowledge.
34. Possessive pronoun.

Chambers's 20th Century Dictionary and Nuttall's Dictionary (latest edition) were used in compiling this puzzle.

Solution of "John Bull" X-Word No. 43.

E	B	O	N	Y		S	P	R	I	N	G			
L	O		E	A	S	E	L		A	I	R			
F	A	G		W	A	T	E	R		P	A			
	T	A	L	L		T	A		T	S				
S			R	E	D		I	M	P					
T	I	M	B	U	E		C	L	U	E				
A	R	A	B		B		S	O	L	I	D			
L	A	D		B		P	E	R						
E	T		I	R	I	S		R	H					
S	H	A	W	L		T	H	E		A	E			
	E	V	I	L		S	O	N	A	T	A			
D	R	O	S	S			O		E	E	L			

JB-43

Result will be published next week.

The solution of "John Bull" X-word No. 43 is given herewith as matter of interest to our X-word competitors. We wish to emphasise that no claims are required for this X-word as all entries are being carefully examined by our staff.

When you have completed this Crossword try a "Happy X-Word" in "The Passing Show," Friday, 2d. £100 First Prize, £25 for runners-up. THREE attempts for your 6d.

CUT HERE

"JOHN BULL" CROSSWORD No. 44.

Entry Form "A."

1		2C	R	3	4		5	T	6	7		8		
9			C					10F						
A	B		E	E		11			12					
	L	13T			14	15		16						
17P						18	L					19		
20					21P						22		B	
		23	24	O		25			26			U	E	
	27T	E	E			28			29Y					
30					L			31				D	32K	
I	P		33	R					D	34O				
35M						V	E	T			36	S		
E	D		37						38S			E		

JB-44

Do not separate these forms.

Entry Form "B."

CUT HERE

1		2C	R	3	4		5	T	6	7		8		
9			C					10F						
A	B		E	E		11			12					
	L	13T			14	15		16						
17P						18	L					19		
20					21P						22		B	
		23	24	O		25			26			U	E	
	27T	E	E			28			29Y					
30					L			31				D	32K	
I	P		33	R					D	34O				
35M						V	E	T			36	S		
E	D		37						38S			E		

CUT HERE

JB-44

In entering this Competition I agree to abide by the Editor's decision as final in all matters appertaining thereto and enclose P.O. No..... value .....

These Entry Forms must not be separated.

N.B.—Enclose 6d. Postal Order for one double-entry coupon, or 1/- Postal Order if sending TWO double-entry coupons in accordance with Rule 1.

SIGNED .....

ADDRESS .....

.....

Closing Date Thursday (noon) January 2.

CUT HERE

N.B.—Cut the above Form out complete.

Read these Rules and Conditions Carefully.

1. Fill in puzzle opposite IN ORDINARY INK, not copying ink or copying-ink pencil, sign your name and write your address in BLOCK CAPITALS. Cut out coupon, place it with a Postal Order value sixpence in an envelope bearing 1½d. stamp and post to "John Bull," Crosswords (No. 44), 51, Long Acre, London, W.C.2 (Comp.), so as to reach us not later than noon, on Thursday, January 2nd.

If taking advantage of the special opportunity (for this two-week contest only) of making two entries as above, Postal Order for 1/- must be enclosed.

Entry MUST be sent by post.

2. Postal Orders must be made payable to Odhams Press Ltd. and crossed —/& Co./ and the date of sending the order, complete with the name and address of competitor, must be written on the back. The number of the Postal Order must be written in the space provided in the Entry Form. Stamps cannot in any circumstances be accepted.

3. No responsibility will be accepted by the Editor for any Coupon lost, delayed, not delivered or mislaid. Proof of posting will not be accepted as proof of delivery and no correspondence will be entered into.

4. In the event of a tie the £500 prize will be divided between those competitors whose coupons are correct or contain fewest errors, but no competitor shall receive more than one share. Competitors should note that errors are computed according to the number of words which incorrectly answer the clues given.

5. Mutilated or altered Entry Forms will be disqualified. Solutions must be complete and filled in on Entry Forms provided.

6. **For this two-week contest only, each competitor may send in one double-entry form from this week's "John Bull" and one double-entry form from last week's "John Bull." Not more than one double-entry form allowed from each week's "John Bull."**

7. The correct solution of the puzzle is known only to the Editor and will be kept under seal until all entries have been received.

8. The result of this competition will be published in the issue of JOHN BULL on sale **Thursday, January 16th.** Any competitor who claims to have sent in a solution which is identical with the published solution or contains as few errors as the competitor announced as the £500 prize-winner may have a scrutiny by demanding the same by or before first post, **Tuesday, January 21st,** after which date the prize-money will be dispatched and no claim will be considered.

9. If such demand is found to be correct the result will be amended accordingly and any competitor demanding a scrutiny must accept as final the result of such scrutiny as certified by the Editor.

10. Every request for a scrutiny must be made by Registered Letter only and must be accompanied by a remittance of £5, which will be returned to the competitor if his claim proves valid.

Request for scrutiny must be addressed to:—**The Competition Editor, "John Bull," Long Acre, London, W.C.2.** Envelopes should be marked "Scrutiny" in top left-hand corner. All applications must be accompanied by a copy of Entry Forms and number of Postal Order. No claims for scrutiny can be entertained in connection with the additional award of £50 cash, the winners of which will be finally decided according to the result of our careful searches of all entries.

11. Entries for this competition must not be enclosed with "Bullets" entries or other correspondence addressed to JOHN BULL.

12. The Editor's decision is final and legally binding in all matters relating to this competition, and acceptance of this condition is an express condition of entry.

13. Employees of Odhams Press Ltd. and members of their families are not allowed to compete.

14. Failure to comply with any of the conditions involves disqualification.

UP and DO!

"Make use of that helping hand!"

Mrs. Wilfrid Ashley

A CHARMING friend of the fund, who is nearly seventy-one years old, writes: "I wish JOHN BULL could print at top of 'The Greatest of These. . .' page:

"Go break to the hungry sweet
Charity's bread,
For giving is living," the
Angel said,
"But must I be
giving again
and again?"
My weary and
wondering answer ran.
"Oh, no," said the Angel, piercing
me through,
"Just give till the Father stops giving
to you." —M. JOYCE.

"We would never stop giving, would we," adds our friend, "if we waited till then?"

We gladly print this verse, for we feel, at times, our readers must get tired of being asked to give and give again. Yet, so long as unemployment lasts, with its consequent poverty, entailing sickness and unhappiness, we must plead for funds to carry on.

Another valued friend of the fund wrote a little while back: "I think we often forget that a relatively small sum coming at a critical time may be the means of bringing a tremendous lot of happiness."

His generous gifts to the fund have been the means of setting two or three families on their feet this year.

Writing on the Joy of Life, recently, Mrs. Wilfrid Ashley says: "Always the joy of giving will foster the joy of living. To possess a helping hand, and make use of it! . . . It means cultivating a life of 'up and doing,' and never one of 'going to do,' which inevitably means a life of nothing done."

The year is all but over. There is still time, however, to be "up and doing," which means sending a donation, and adding to the number of good deeds placed to the credit of our subscribers in 1929.

We wish all the fund's friends a Happy and Prosperous New Year.

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS

Registered under the War Charities Act as the JOHN BULL *War Sufferers' Fund. All cheques should be made payable to the Fund, and donations addressed to* THE HON. SECRETARY, 51, Long Acre, London, W.C.2. *Every penny that is subscribed to "The Greatest of These—" Fund goes to give help to the needy. All the expenses of administration are borne by* JOHN BULL.

Miss Hanson (Bingley), 1s.; Herbert Fox (Newcastle-on-Tyne), 6d.; R. J. G. (Croydon), £2; G. H. B., 1s.; Grateful Heart, 2s.; H. Hayward (Southend), £1; M. S., 1s.; Mother of Six Daughters, 2s. 6d.; Indus Proc. 5s.; J. E. Leather (Northwich), 1s.; C. F. (Wolverhampton), 2s. 6d.; A. K. (Ashton-under-Lyne), 10s.; Anon., 6d.; F. Newbon (Redditch) 2s.; Wm. Lewis (Sturminster Marshall), £1 11s. 6d.; Mrs. Ciss Rigby, 7s. 6d.; Tender Birthday Memories of Joan, 2s. 6d.; Sunday Work, 17s. 6d.; H. A., 1s.; Anon. (Reading), 2s. 6d.; A Labourer, 2s. 6d.; Thankful One (Lairg), 10s.; Granny of Fourteen (Swinefleet), 2s. 6d.; Pooled Bullets (Burnley), 1s.; Santolie, 10s.; E. Stewart (Eastleigh), 1s.; A Sympathiser (Bristol), 1s.; Mrs. L. Bee (Fleetwood), 5s.; Collecting Box, 3s. 7½d.; S. B. Newthorpe, 1s. 1d.; N, S. S. (Leith), 2s.; Miss L. M. Berry, 4s.; For Jesus' Sake, 3s.; C. Bland (Leicester), 5s.; Birchington, 2s. 6d.; J. D., 6s.; Neuf (Oxford), 9d.; Mrs. C. Kneller (Maidstone), 4s.; Walshaw, 1s.; A Widow, 5s.; J. F. W. H., 2s. 6d.; R. C. (Camden Town), 4s.; Miss E. Dingley (Harborne), 2s.; C. J. S., 5s.; R. H. (Amesbury), 1s.; S. N. (Bedford), 5s.; H. B., 2s.; Billie, 4½d.; Horsham, 10s.; S. H. Lillie, 6d.; S. L. Robinson, 6d.; R. H. Giles, 6d.; M. J. Brook, 2s. 6d.; J. Gathenun (St. Andrews), 6d.; A Friend, 1s.; H. Gale, 6d.; G. McLardy, 6d.; W. H. Adams, 1s.; Miss M. Warde, 1s.; E. W. H. (Sheffield), 1s.; W. Irons (Norwood), 3d.; P. C., 6d.; W. Thomson, 2s.; S. B., 2s.; Mrs. R. Holgate, 6d.; Mrs. M. E. Perren, 1s.; Mrs. Wm. Nesbitt (Radisson, Sask.), £6 0s. 8d.; A. E. Castle (York), 6d.; Mary Thompson (Ripon), 5s.; Hiram (Linthorpe), 5s.; Anon. (Scotstoun), 2s. 6d.; Miss B. Smith (Shrewsbury), 1s.; Mrs. H. Neville (Old Goole), £1; R. Needham (Barnsley), 2s. 6d.

(Continued on page 34)

Write to "John Bull" about it!

The EDITOR REPLIES

THE Editor may be flippant on this page, but his humour is never malicious. He likes to end up the week's work on a bright note. Serious questions are dealt with by the expert staff of our Free Advice Service

Solicitor (Norbury).—"Two toughs accosted me the other day, but when I told them who I was, they bolted." They were lucky to get away with their money intact

J. C. (Worthing).—"My wife is trying a new slimming diet." How is it shaping?

D. C. (Rainham).—"There's something different about grandmothers nowadays." Yes—they all have latchkeys.

C. T. (Sarrat).—"Bald men generally have good manners." When they lift their hats they show their polish.

P. F. (Jarrow).—"I engaged her in a battle of wits." Brave indeed for an unarmed man.

D. J. (London, W.).—"Very few statues are erected to comedians." Most statues are funny enough as it is.

J. T. (Ipswich).—"Innkeepers should be cheerful." Most of them try to keep up their spirits.

P. B. (Ventnor).—"A man left his money to the devil. Do you know the result?" The lawyers naturally got it.

W. S. (Bath).—"Nowadays, most collar-studs are real gold." But when you are in a hurry they're rolled gold.

J. E. (Parkington).—"I am learning to play golf." Why not do your digging in the garden?

A. J. (Chiswick).—"I won a guessing competition recently." Did it start at 2.30?

P. G. H. (Sevenoaks).—"Do you know what my husband's favourite game is?" Grouse?

P. N. (Peckham).—"I can't meet my creditors." Some men can't avoid their creditors.

R. E. (Edinburgh).—"The average man now lives thirty-one years longer than he did in 1800." He has to or he'd never get his taxes paid.

P. K. (Yarmouth).—"There is a movement on foot to make insanity a cause for divorce." It is already the cause of many marriages.

L. D. (Liverpool).—"There is said to be little change in women's clothes for next year." So, perhaps, there will be a little more change in men's.

R. W. (Hong Kong).—"In China husbands and wives seldom see each other before they are married." In England some seldom see each other afterwards.

L. O. (Berwick).—"Say what you like, the Victorian girl's frocks suited her down to the ground." And the Georgian girl's frocks suit her nearly down to the knees.

J. G. (Winchester).—"I don't see that either the British or the Canadians should help Uncle Sam to enforce Prohibition." Agreed—he ought to get the Americans to help him.

P. G. (Southampton).—"I hear that it is proposed in America to punish not only the bootlegger, but also the buyer of bootleg drink." As though the buyer were not punished now!

O. P. E. (Ashton).—"I asked a pedestrian the way and he told me to go to ——." You should have offered him a lift in that direction.

O. G. G. (Sale).—"I want to get into a job where I can rise quickly." Well, a high-explosive factory has possibilities.

O. V. O. (Dundee).—"Beer to-day is the most satisfying and wonderful drink I know." You must have written this letter before the war and only just remembered to post it.

D. B. (Seacombe).—"Where do you think Mussolini is best?" In Italy.

T. H. (Blackheath).—"An ancestor of mine was a famous admiral." Do you mean Noah?

P. V. (Marlow).—"He is a boxer and a good business man." He knows how to clinch a good deal.

G. A. (Burnley).—"Many young men would rather have a motor-cycle than a wife." Safety First seems to be their motto.

R. N. (Oxford).—"After an attack of influenza I have terrible pains in the head." It always attacks the weakest part.

O. S. (Twyford).—"Many an ordinary paterfamilias has a wonderful imagination." He even gets the idea that he is head of the house.

D. S. (Oldham).—"A suggested new cure for colds in the head has been turned down by the majority of doctors." Yes, we understand they sneezed at it.

BERTIE (Carlisle).—"I am going to a skating hall next week and I have never skated before." Don't worry, you'll soon tumble.

D. N. (New York).—"An American woman visited her husband in prison and shot him." With so many wireless concerts for prisoners, her merciful idea was perhaps to put him out of his misery.

F. J. (Kettering).—"Languages are now being taught with the aid of a gramophone." Our own vocabulary has certainly increased since the arrival of a machine next door.

O. L. (Preston).—"How can a laundry prosper when it faces a large coal yard?" Rather a black outlook for the proprietor, isn't it?

G. U. Y. (Westminster).—"I played golf two afternoons last week and did a hole in one." In one afternoon or in one stroke?"

K. S. (Taunton).—"Some girls are hopelessly simple." Others simply hopeless.

D. F. (Grimsby).—"Books should be fitted with light metal covers." That wouldn't prevent dry rot inside.

F. M. (Shorncliffe).—"My wife never asks me where I am going." Does she always go with you, then?

V. S. (Lincoln).—"His strength fairly opened my eyes." It's lucky for you it didn't close them.

P. R. (Wombwell.—"I'd have smashed his face in had something not intervened." His fist?

S. P. (Belgravia).—"Our mantelpiece goes back to the Adams." You should have kept up your payments.

F. H. (Chester).—"Do you understand the King's English?" Of course he is.

MAB. (Macclesfield).—"How long does a man wait before he proposes?" As long as he's any sense.

P. C. (Durham).—"Few London theatres have enough leg room in the stalls." But there's always plenty of room for legs on the stage.

F. K. (Willesden).—"He was charged with stealing thirteen bottles of beer." There was more than enough to make a case.

L. N. (Norwood).—"Everybody should gargle after kissing." Invent a suitable cocktail for the occasion and flappers will agree.

G. H. (St. Albans).—"An American film actress has just been married for the first time." Everybody has got to make a start.

P. N. (Sydenham).—"Cold weather puts an end to insect pests." Yes, but spring will bring them out of their garages again.

G. V. (Dancourt).—"We have quarrelled, although once he said that my smallest wish would be fulfilled." Perhaps your wish wasn't small enough.

J. T. T. (Wishaw).—"I shall be glad to see the back of 1929." Send along the best *Bullet* this week and smile on 1930 with that £500 cheque in your pocket. See page 35.

A. J. (Cudworth).—"I was very depressed about my round of golf." Doubtless the turf was very cut up about it, too.

SAM (Otley).—"What is the best way to grow a moustache?" The instalment method—a little down, then a little more week by week.

A. P. E. (Leyton).—"I have just had my portrait painted and it was so unlike me that I refused to pay." Well, that was like you, anyway.

L. L. B. (Cardiff).—"Some men become wealthy through a pure accident." Yes—even accidents have their compensations.

KATE (Yarrow).—"I always write with a dictionary by my side." Why don't you open it sometimes?

A. G. R. (Chorley).—"My new car is a regular 'snorter.'" Yes, we've heard cars make noises like that.

N. C. (Deal).—"What would Shakespeare be doing if he were alive to-day?" Probably drawing the old-age pension.

DISGUSTED (Manchester).—"Why is it that post-office officials so often sit cross-legged?" They catch the habit from post-office pen-nibs.

GRATIFIED (Clerkenwell).—"You say my full-length novel helped you. In what way?" To keep the home fires burning.

S. W. (Halifax).—"Whilst playing golf on Sunday I met my landlord." That ought to be a warning to you against Sunday golf.

R. J. (London, S.).—"In my film scenario the villain falls into a pot of boiling glue." That's nothing new—most villains come to a sticky end.

E. J. (Bradford).—"I lost all my wages and ran into a 'bus on the same day." That's nothing to what some husbands run into when they came home without their wages.

J. I. M. (Pendleton).—"My brother, when looking for work, fell down an unprotected trap-door into a wine merchant's cellar." Well, he seems to have found an opening, anyway.

(Many replies unavoidably held over)

Side-Slips

Examples of genuine unconscious humour from the current Press are welcomed. Obvious printers' errors not wanted. Actual cuttings must be sent. 2/6 is paid to the sender of each item published. Mark envelopes "Slip."

PAM'S PAPER:—"The man laughed loudly and unnecessarily, and HOOK HER HEAD as though it had been the HANDLE OF A PUMP."

WESTERN MAIL:—"'I worked TWENTY-FIVE hours a day,' remembers Sir Thomas."

"THE MIXER" (Edgar Wallace):—"Then Paul followed up the attack with a WELL-DIRECTED kick at RANDOM."

BRADFORD TELEGRAPH AND ARGUS:—"In 1913 he started in PARTNERSHIP on his OWN."

EVENING SENTINEL:—"Just before the end Duckers was given a chance, but Jamson ran out and KICKED OFF HIS TOE."

THE ROVER:—"His GUN LEAPT to his right hand."

LONG EATON ADVERTISER:—"Referring to other schemes Councillor Marland said seven uncompleted houses were being HELD UP BY PLASTER."

DAILY MAIL:—"I saw one wholly long evening frock at a dinner-party and no OTHERS IN ANYONE ANYWHERE."

VIOLET MAGAZINE:—"I cannot bring myself to believe, Eric, until I hear it with my OWN VOICE."

BATH AND WILTS CHRONICLE AND HERALD:—"The bull then released rushed back to the farm. He WAS PICKED UP BY A PASSING MOTORIST AND TAKEN HOME, where his injuries were attended to, and he is now progressing favourably."

FIRE STOCK PURCHASE
AT 50% BELOW COST!

THESE BOYS' BLUE MELTON OVERCOATS
ARE BETTER THAN EVER. EVERY COAT IS WORTH DOUBLE THE PRICE WE ARE ASKING FOR THEM.

SENT POST FREE FOR 1/- DOWN

To fit boys aged 8 to 15.
Your boy will not wear this Coat out, he will grow out of it. Made of the finest heavy all-wool Melton Cloth. Cut true in every detail, beautifully tailored and trimmed, doubly sewn seams, and ample turn-ups in sleeves and bottom of coat to allow for lengthening. In shades of Blue, Brown, Grey, Mid Grey and Dark Grey. Price 23/6.
Send for one and you will be delighted. Let us know the age of Boy and colour required. Send 1/- (no further payment required until you have had the Coat one month), and agree to pay 4/- per month.

WE CAN SUPPLY YOU WITH ANYTHING YOU WANT. SEND FOR OUR ILLUSTRATED CATALOGUES.

John Blanford
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THE

COMPETITORS' GUARDIAN

"THE *DIFFERENT* COMPETITION PAPER"

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Fully on sale at all Newsagents throughout the Kingdom.

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Some "Guardian" Features:

Powerful LEADING ARTICLES.
Helpful CONSTRUCTIVE CRITICISM.
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Instructive COMPETITION Articles.

***Definite* ADVICE for PICTURE CONTESTS.**
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THE STAFF employed EXCLUSIVELY by "The Guardian" includes:

THE GREATEST LIVING EXPERT in PICTURE and CROSSWORD contests, winner of Bulk of PRIZE-MONEY in ANSWERS' last Mammoth Contest, and 500 prizes since. He is now no longer competing, his advice is at the EXCLUSIVE disposal of "GUARDIAN" readers for

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ALSO

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IF YOU WANT THE ASSISTANCE OF THE BEST BRAINS IN THE COMPETITION WORLD—Buy "THE GUARDIAN."

Did Mistletoe Catch Any Bachelors?

WE read the other day of a way to prevent holly catching fire, but we are afraid nothing was done at Christmas to prevent mistletoe catching bachelors!

And speaking of catching things, one of the hardest things to catch just now (unless you look *very* sharp) is a copy of either the JOHN BULL Christmas Annual or its "stable companion," the *Passing Show* Christmas Annual (each price Sixpence).

There's a very big reason: JOHN BULL approached some of the cleverest artists and authors in the country and said, in effect: "I want my Christmas number to beat all its predecessors in jollity, so let yourselves *go*—give me of your very best." And they *have*!

The *Passing Show* Christmas Annual poured eighteen short stories into its eighty-four pages, and then, just for heaping measure, called on no less than sixty-four famous contributors for jokes and ghosts and up-to-date fairy tales and a hundred other things to make you smile.

There in a nutshell you have the two finest Annuals which have ever appeared in the bookstalls. Get one—or both if you are lucky—and live your Christmas all over again.

"The Greatest of These—" Acknowledgments

(Continued from page 32)

Mrs. Cooke (Lincoln), 1s.; C. Aird (South Croydon), 5s.; Sara I., 4s.; Razor, 2s.; Anon. (Reading), 2s. 6d.; Miss K. Lappin (Dundee), 1s.; Mrs. Potter (Alvaston), £1; Mrs. A. Leach (Middleton), 2s. 3d.; Grateful Mother, 3s.; K. W. G. P., £2 2s.; H. B. S., 6d.; Mr. Tomkins, 5s.; Mrs. Astle, 2s.; Nicotine, £1 1s.; M. S., 1s.; Anon. (Swansea), 2s.; Widow's Mite (Weston-super-Mare), 1s.; Jumping Joshua, 5s.; Mrs. E. Moss, 6d.; W. Leitch (Plymouth), £1; Mrs. E. Miller (Birkenhead), 2s. 6d.; "?" 2s. 2½d.; W. H. Fox, 2s. 6d.; Well Wisher, 1s.; Irene (Seven Kings), 2s. 6d.; J. E. S. (Forest Gate), 1s. 6d.; Forest-Sider (Epping), 3s.; Mrs. H. Bridger (Heathfield), 2s. 6d.; R. Balchin, 2s.; F. D. (Chatham), 2s. 6d.; Mrs. L. M. Ford, 1s.; In as Much, 5s.; J. E. Leather (Northwich), 1s.; Lame Harlow, 9s.; Truth, £1; Minetenka, 1s. 6d.; Mrs. F. E. Miller (Bucklebury), 2s. 6d.; Grateful Heart, 2s.; Ex-Sapper, 5s.; Orpington, 5s.; H. F. Thompson (Droxford), 2s. 6d.; A. P., 6d.; Mrs. N. Plumridge (St. Columb), 2s. 6d.; W. E. Davis, 2s. 6d.; Mr., Mrs. and Miss Bowyer, 15s.; Xmas Box (Walton-on-Naze), 5s.; A Ninth (Coventry), 9d.; Miss E. Dingley, 2s.; A Thankful Reader (Whitton), 2s. 6d.; E. A. Roxby, 6d.; Anon. (Barrow), 2s. 6d.; On the 9th, 3d.; A Sympathiser (Bamford), 1s.; Billie, 4½d.; Husband and Wife, 10s.; Anon. (Darwen), 6d.; Anon. (Wivelscombe), 6d.; S. Lay, 6d.; Thank Offering, 1s.; A. M. C. (Scarthoe), 5s.; A. Reader (Lancaster), 2s. 6d.; Anon. (Fishponds), 15s.; D. P. Smethwick, 2s. 6d.; Exonian, 2s. 6d.; G. Saunders, 5s.; Mr. T. Rees (Tunbridge Wells), 5s.; A Jack Tar's Mother, 10s.; M. Wells (Thorn Hill), 6d.; Mrs. Prichard (Sunderland), 2s.; Anne Debron, 5s.; Bulleteer, 2s.; Mrs. A. Elliott (Rock Ferry), 6d.; Anon., 2s.; Mrs. Hughes (Westmeath), 6d.; Ex R.E., 2s. 6d.; Anon., 10s.; E. B. (O.N. Stowmarket), 5s.; G. R. (Southampton), 10s.; A. J. G. (My Ninth), 1s.; J. N. A., 1s.; Mrs. A. A. Leach (Heywood), 10s.; M. S., 1s.; N. G. H., 10s.; John Denny (Moston), 10s.; Mrs. E. Blanchon, 6d.; L. B. B. (Wolverhampton), £1; Anon. (Radcliffe), 2s.; Wellwisher (Heathers), 2s. 6d.; A Mother, 2s. 6d.; Luxe-Alston, 10s.; Micky (Portsmouth), 10s.; B. Knowles (Harehills), £2; C. W. B. Tutt, 14s.; M. and D. Orrell (Horwich), 4s.; A. D. Ware, £2; Mrs. A. Huxtable (Tunbridge Wells), 10s.; Brookfield, 3s.; Well Wisher, 2s. 6d.; S. T., 2s.; Mary (St. Helens), 6d.; D. Dunlop, 2s.; F. Harwood, 2s.; L. A. Duxbury (Darwen), 6s.; Mrs. A. Crawford (R.A.F., Calshot), 1s.; Mr. S. Nicholls, 1s.

We wish to thank Messrs. Tom Smith and Co., Ltd., London, for magnificent consignment of crackers. Parcels of clothing are gratefully acknowledged from: Mrs. N. Plumridge (baby carriage, etc.); E. M. Digarce; Irene (Seven Kings); Parkstone; Mrs. G. H. (Birmingham); S. H. E. (Syston); A. Reader; Nice Girl; Mr. Tomkins; Mrs. R. Piper; Torquay; C. A. Slack (Macclesfield); L. E. S.; Mrs. Toler (Pernilee); Mrs. Carcary (Perth); Mrs. Higginbottom (dolls); G. L. (Kent); Anon. (Spennymoor); Jean and Bobby Llewellyn E. Stewart; Mrs. J. Beetson; Miss N. Millbank (Ealing) (dolls); A. P.; H. F. Thompson (Droxford).

(Many acknowledgments unav[illegible] cover.

Fifty homes were flooded at Neath Abbey, Glamorgan, and women and children were rescued. Many of the homes had to be propped up by "John Bull's" Free Insurance Gift

Your Future Worries— *They're On Us!*

Our Great Free Insurance Gift: Important Announcement

WE are happy to herald in the New Year with an announcement of especial interest to our readers.

As the champion of all who need help, justice and consolation, our programme for 1930 would not be complete if we did not continue our great free family insurance scheme on the same generous lines as hitherto.

We have a proud record to live up to, but we shall not let that impede our progress; we mean to go steadily forward.

And in promising our utmost for 1930, the occasion seems appropriate for reviewing the work that JOHN BULL'S Free Insurance Department has accomplished during the year now gone.

This 1929 has been a busy year; but the task of relieving distress has been gladly undertaken.

Statistics can never make dull reading when they show that we have now paid over 48,000 benefits, for our readers appreciate the value of our service.

In many respects the past year has subjected our Free Family Insurance scheme to the severest possible test.

Precious things—ashes

That the risk of fire is too lightly disregarded has been shown again and again.

Innocent enough in the domestic hearth, its kindly, cheery glow hardly betokens tragedy; yet the homes of many of our readers have been reduced to ashes and countless precious possessions have been destroyed in fires that broke out when least expected.

But while such calamities could not be averted, JOHN BULL was ready to give immediate succour to those of its readers who had the foresight to register.

Sickness, too, has brought anxiety not only to royal households, but to the humbler homes of JOHN BULL readers.

Under our free scheme more than 3,000 sickness benefits have been paid, the worry of doctors' bills has been removed, and medical necessities and little luxuries have been brought to the bedsides of patients to put them on the road to speedy recovery.

A notable feature of this year's work has been the inclusion of children's benefits in our scheme.

It has proved a boon to 6,289 parents who have reaped the benefit of JOHN BULL'S enterprise in extending its free insurance to cover the whole family.

And, while the memory of the havoc wrought by storm and flood is still fresh in the public mind, it should not be forgotten that JOHN BULL is the only paper in the country to lend a hand to assist readers to replace their belongings which the fury of the elements has destroyed. And it has been proud to do so.

Your best resolution

Many hundreds of cheques have already been despatched to victims of the great floods, a fact which not only makes our service unique, but also substantiates our claim that we provide the most comprehensive and beneficial free insurance scheme in the world.

If taken out through an insurance company our great gift would actually cost the reader at least 25s. in premiums every year.

"Had I been insured with one of the big companies I could not have been treated better" is a typical saying amongst our registered readers, who are always writing to express their gratitude.

If you are not a registered reader, therefore, the best New Year's resolution you can make will be to put yourself right with the future by qualifying for all the benefits offered for 1930, which are set forth on pages 2 and 3, and which will repay careful study.

Extra security

But if you have already registered there is no necessity to re-register for the coming year unless you have changed your address or your newsagent.

You will be automatically covered for 1930.

In the same way, even though you may be covered in some measure by some other newspaper insurance scheme, it will pay you to bear in mind that JOHN BULL offers its readers *extra* benefits and *extra* security.

100 NEW PRIZES TO END THE OLD YEAR
"BULLETS" 1ST PRIZE
£500
100 GOLD-LINED HAMPERS
Each Hamper Winner Receives:
£2 Cheque, Plump Surrey Fowl, Pork Sausages, Plum Pudding, Dundee Cake, Biscuits, Chocolates Crackers, Muscatels & Almonds, 50 Cigarettes, Bottle of Fine Old Port
£50
20 PRIZES OF £5
100 PRIZES OF HAMPER & £2 CHEQUE
500 PRIZES OF £1
10,000 "TARGET" PRIZES
£25
100 "GOLD-LINED" NEW YEAR HAMPERS
EACH CONTAINING A £2 CHEQUE

HURRY FOR THE NEW YEAR £500!

MAKING *Bullets* is a fascinating game for your Christmas leisure, whilst the rewards are big and numerous. In this big prize-list £500 awaits the best effort received, with £50, £25 and 20 *Bullets* "Fivers" for the runners-up. In addition, 100 "Bulleteers" will soon be rejoicing over those "gold-lined" Hampers, each award bringing an ample supply of seasonable fare and a £2 cheque.

This is all you have to do. Select any of the *Examples* given and add any TWO, THREE or FOUR WORDS of apt and original comment. As a specimen, against the *Example* GREETING THE DAWN, the added words PARLIAMENT, WITHOUT "SEEING DAYLIGHT" would complete a *Bullet*.

Only one week remains for you to start the *Bullets* New Year well with one of these fine prizes—the closing date is Saturday, January 4.

£1,007 10s. AWARDED THIS WEEK.

FIRST PRIZE OF £250, COMPETITION 740.

Mr. William Bryant, 42, Eaton Avenue, Litherland, nr. Liverpool.
Example:—GOOD GUIDE.
Bullet:—I LED FROM ALTAR.
(Entered on "Target" Prize coupon.)

SECOND PRIZE OF £50:

Mr. R. Williams, Bavene House, Ffairfach, Llandilo.
Example:—Worrying The Government
Bullet:—"Suspending" Things They "Dangled."

THIRD PRIZE OF £25:

Mr. R. Whittingham, 147, Northview Drive, Westcliff.
Example: Not What She Wanted
Bullet:—But Thankful She's Wanted.
(Entered on "Target" Prize coupon.)

20 PRIZES OF £6 EACH:

F. ANDERSON, 50, Bow Street, Middlesbro'.
Woman Of Few Words—Then *She's* "Well Chosen."

F. E. BAKER, 20, Pentyla, Aberavon, Port Talbot.
Woman Of Few Words—They're "Mamma—Dada—Goo-Goo!"

W. F. CRABTREE, 58, Heidelberg Road, Bradford.
Hurry Up, Mr. Plumber—Before *Buds* Start Bursting!

C. GARLEY, Grand Hotel, Port Talbot.
Worrying The Government—Their Task "Remaining Master."

T. HERBERT, The Wick, Hatfield Peverel, Chelmsford.
Celebrating Christmas—Father's Usually "Moving Spirit."
(Entered on "Target" Prize coupon.)

G. KEEP, 14, Earlswood Avenue, Thornton Heath.
Mustn't Be Wasted—Yet Our "Gutters" Overflow.

J. KENT, 2, Extons Road, King's Lynn.
Never Lacking—Schemes To "Relieve" Employed.

A. F. KNOWLES, 72, Robert Street, Hampstead Road, N.W.
Worrying The Government—Surplus Water—Insufficient Lead.

C. A. MOORE, 25, Montagu Road, Hendon.
Celebrating Christmas — Landlady Even Filled Cruet!

C. MURPHY, Whittington Barracks, Lichfield, Staffs.
Not Bad—Going, Germany's "Come Back."

C. D. NIXON, Beech House, Gresaley Road, Abbey Hulton, Stoke-on-Trent.
Good-bye, 1929—You've "Blotted" Summer's Copy-book.

L. ROYALL, 1, Balblair Road, Nairn, N.B.
Good Guide—For Washerwomen, Airship Out.

T. SCOTT, 15, Summerhill Grove, Newcastle-on-Tyne.
Celebrating Christmas—*Me* "Blind" *Thrice*.
(Entered on "Target" Prize coupon.)

G. H. SMITH, 43, Buxton Street, Nottingham.
With Awe—I Prefer—"Hullo, Dad!"

C. SWAN, 8, Oxford Street, Edinburgh.
Free Entertainment—Just Imagine Scotsmen "Running!"

T. UNSWORTH, 10, Lily Street, Bridgeton, Glasgow.
Say What You Like, But—Pedestrian Pays "Bigger Tax."

P. WARD, 126, Dudley Road, Grantham, Lincs.
Mustn't Be Wasted—Water—We've "Had Some."

Mrs. A. WHITE, 162, Hulme Hall Lane, Manchester.
Free Entertainment—Daddy's Little "Picture" Talking.

H. WHITELEY, 1, Hall Avenue, Springdale, Huddersfield.
Woman Of Few Words—Charges Shilling For Twelve.

G. WOOD, 24, Cherry Tree Avenue, Dover.
Good-bye, 1929—*King's* "On Feet," Anyway.
(Entered on "Target" Prize coupon.)

All Prize-winners have been notified and a list of 100 £5 winners will be published in "Bullets" Bulletin. A list of 500 2/6 prize-winners can be seen at these offices.

Any reader may obtain a free copy of the bigger and better "Bullets" Bulletin, our new help for competitors, by forwarding half-penny stamped addressed envelope. Sixpenny P.O., crossed and made payable to "JOHN BULL," brings 12 issues post paid. Address: "Bulletin" Dept., "JOHN BULL," Long Acre, W.C.2.

"BULLETS" RULES.

1. The First Prize will be awarded for what in the opinion of the judges in consultation with the Editor is the best Bullet received, and the other prizes in order of merit, the test being cleverness, aptness and originality.

2. Only two attempts may be written on each coupon, and a postal order must be enclosed at the rate of 6d. for each coupon made use of. This must be made payable to JOHN BULL and crossed & Co. Competitors must write their names and addresses and the date of sending the order on the back of the postal order, the number of which must be duly noted on each coupon submitted. Coupons must not be mutilated.

3. The Editor undertakes that every Bullet received shall have careful consideration by a competent staff of qualified judges.

4. The Editor's decision on any matter of dispute arising in connection with this competition must be accepted as final and legally binding in all respects, and acceptance of this rule is an express condition of entry.

Employees of Odhams Press and their families are not eligible to compete.

Examples for "Bullets" Competition No. 742

1930
GREETING THE DAWN
QUICK-CHANGE ARTIST
WE HOPE
PRINCE CHARMING
WANTED HIS MONEY'S WORTH
SAUSAGES
WORTH TAKING
NOT IN THE LIST
FEMALE OF THE SPECIES
MR. KNOW-ALL
SLUMP IN BABIES
SISTERS
WITH A STROKE OF THE PEN
NEW PROBLEM
TWO
WHAT SHE'S CRYING FOR
DEPTHS OF DEPRESSION
SURELY
MORE HONEST
A SURPLUS
BARS PROGRESS
GENERALLY ACCEPTED
WISDOM OF THE AGES
MAN WHO'S GOT SENSE
DUST OF YEARS
HAPPY
NEVER, NEVER, NEVER
END OF THE MATTER
THINGS WERE DIFFERENT WHEN
NOTWITHSTANDING
WHAT THE FINANCIER SAID

Example _____ Bullet _____ — Closing SAT. Jan. 4.
Example _____ Bullet _____
(742) P.O. No. _____ Signed _____ Address _____
I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced on this page. With 1 Coupon, send P.O. for 6d.

Example _____ Bullet _____ — Closing SAT. Jan. 4.
Example _____ Bullet _____
(742) P.O. No. _____ Signed _____ Address _____
I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced on this page. With 2 Coupons, send P.O. for 1s.

Bullets must consist of Two, Three or Four Words.

Example _____ Bullet _____ — Closing SAT. Jan. 4.
Example _____ Bullet _____
(742) P.O. No. _____ Signed _____ Address _____
I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced on this page. With 3 Coupons, send P.O. for 1s. 6d.

Enter your full name and address on each coupon.

Example _____ Bullet _____ — Closing SAT. Jan. 4.
Example _____ Bullet _____
(742) P.O. No. _____ Signed _____ Address _____
I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced on this page. With 4 Coupons, send P.O. for 2s.

If you wish to send in further "Bullets" you can write them on plain paper.

Address Coupons: "Bullets" No. 742, "John Bull," Long Acre, London, W.C.2 (Comp.)

SPECIAL NEWSAGENTS' PRIZES.—Cheques for £5, £2 and £1 respectively will be paid to the Newsagents from whom the winners of the three chief "Bullets" Prizes in Competition No. 742 have purchased their copies of "John Bull."

The original cheque for £500 awarded to the first Prize-winner for "Bullets" No. 739 will be displayed in the window of Mr. G. Ashton, 56, Grove Vale, London, S.E.

TOPICAL BIG OFFER 1930 Cash Prizes!

BOVRIL

PREVENTS COLD FEET

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